# The Antioch Review

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## *Population Problems — East and West*

IRENE B. TAEUBER WARREN S. THOMPSON
RONALD FREEDMAN ELBRIDGE SIBLEY
EVERETT K. WILSON

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P P P Incorporated

—James T. Farrell

Revolutions of Rising Discontent

—Richard M. Hunt

Jacques Offenbach and Parisian Gaiety

—Roger L. Williams


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# *Life, Language, Law:*

## *Essays in honor of Arthur F. Bentley*

**Edited by RICHARD W. TAYLOR**

THIS BOOK is published to honor one of the great figures in recent American thought. Arthur F. Bentley's work has had a major creative effect on political science, sociology, and psychology. In his enrichment of scientific method and his illumination of some of the more murky areas of human understanding, Bentley has been in the front rank of twentieth-century thinkers. As the contents of this volume will show, Bentley has been a stimulating and formative influence on leading figures in a wide range of special studies. In this respect, he is something of a "scientists' scientist" or "philosophers' philosopher." At the same time, because of his broad range of interests and his concern for universal problems of human life, he has a great deal to say to the literate layman. One of the purposes of this volume is to enlarge the circle of those who have been creatively stirred by Bentley's combination of special and general awareness.

The volume combines discussions of Bentley's work with distinguished contributions in a variety of fields by some of the colleagues and friends who have shared his approach and applied his methods. Here is an intellectual feast and a sampling of several of today's frontiers of knowledge.

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# *Editor's Shop Talk*

Apparently the full relationship between men and women is not something that lends itself easily to objective examination and discussion. The Kinsey reports on male and female have given us an elementary survey of one aspect of the relationship. But there is no Kinsey on that deeper bond — what one American feminist has called "women's great partnership with men." Nor do the individual reports currently available on the subject seem either adequate or reassuring.

It is, then, of interest to find some evidence in a symposium on population. The evidence is indirect, yet it seems clear enough. In "The Planned Family and Population Growth" (p. 31) Ronald Freedman reports on personal interviews about sterility problems, contraception, and plans for future children in The Growth of American Families Study. Those interviewed (2713 couples) represented "the principal religious groups and major social and economic strata in the population." Of the 2713 wives interviewed, says Freedman, only 10 refused to answer the questions on contraception. By contrast, a larger number (he does not say how many) refused to answer questions on family income. When husbands and wives not only "plan" their families but are so confident of the social acceptability of planning that they talk freely to an interviewer, we would seem to have reached some kind of plateau in our aspiration toward the "great partnership" between men and women.

Elbert Sibley ("Higher Education and Earlier Parenthood," p. 45) has some evidence too, though it is not all so clear. In discussing the recent phenomenon of college student marriages, he suggests that they exhibit a "more egalitarian relationship between husbands and wives." One may accept this as a trend, yet point out that where neither parents nor anyone else has subsidized the early marriage, the wife usually drops out of college in order to support the partnership. (This, too, can have its egalitarian aspects, of course, though we've heard of only one case where the husband proposed to drop out of college in order to support his wife's education.)

* * *

Everett Wilson, who has edited the symposium on population and contributed to it as well, is Professor of Sociology at Antioch and a former editorial board member of The Antioch Review. —P. B.

# Population Problems--- East and West

**A Prefatory Note**

*By* EVERETT K. WILSON

IN A GRUESOME TRAINING FILM many a GI will remember, the narrator intones: "Most men know more about their cars than about their own bodies." Although there has recently been a heightened awareness of population problems, we are in general remarkably ill informed about the cumulative consequences of life and death. Perhaps our myopia results from the fact that these two most critical events are at once too familiar and too personal to generate a broadly diffused interest. Not that population problems have been a matter of indifference to everyone. Demographers like the army's VD specialists have long been sounding the alarm. Thus the sobriquet of "gloomy cleric" about whom one of his contemporaries wrote:

> Come Malthus, and in Ciceronian prose
> Show how a rutting population grows,
> Till all the produce of the soil is spent
> And brats expire for lack of aliment.

In our day we cannot afford to twit the demographer; for knowledge of vital statistics has become genuinely vital—vital for the health and standard of living of people in every nation; and vital to world peace.

Two of the articles in this issue deal with two nations embracing more than a third of the world's population. Both India and China are feeling the pangs of economic, political and social rebirth. Both are faced with this ironical situation: a prompt improvement in the health and longevity of their people—a consummation obviously to be wished—may entail dire consequences. Here we have, as Irene Taeuber indicates, "control of population growth by death." A country's backwardness can limit growth; but when man, without anticipating conse-

quences, intrudes to lay the specter of mortality, he may unleash more mortal forces. Thus do the Gods reward the witless virtuous.

The reduction of death and disease is a clear concern of Nehru's government. So also must it be with Mao's Communist regime. And today, as never before, the means lie at hand: DDT (malaria control helped drop Ceylon's death rate by 40 per cent, as Thompson points out), the antibiotics, vaccination . . .; such are the life-saving advances that may threaten a dangerous, delayed reaction. (Population changes are characteristically insidious—or so it seems to have been to date. The pot boils while one's back it turned. Suddenly comes the deluge: witness the mad scramble in this enlightened land to provide school facilities.) It is not merely that production of foods, fibers and industrial products may not keep pace with population pressures. Internal pressures may promote or offer the excuse for international adventures. Warren Thompson was saying this in 1929 in his book *Danger Spots in World Population*. Here he anticipated the "Greater Asia Co-prosperity Sphere," the expansionist drive of Japan, the rumbles of the storm that broke in 1941. Bigger does not always equal better. In a swelling world—perhaps five billion by the century's end—and with peoples' aspirations mounting, we had better think and act with care.

In the meantime, we in America will be touched at a delicate spot—our purses. The occupation of Japan was emphatically more expensive for the American taxpayer because of our success in promoting a reduction in the Japanese death rate. And if we choose to strengthen the burgeoning populations whose destitution invites the Soviet anti-capitalists to capitalize—this too may be expensive.

The demographic contrast between East and West is no less marked than the economic and political. The theme shifts from chance to choice. The fault lies no longer in the stars, but in ourselves if we are numerous. It is this revolution—for so it must be understood—that Ronald Freedman and Elbridge Sibley write about. In past times it was chiefly uncontrolled mortality that called the tune and prompted jerky rise and fall of populations. Now, in our country, it is mainly controlled fertility that appears to make the difference—the calculated choice of means to satisfy our ever-growing aspirations. Thus in the careful, antiseptic language of demographers Freedman states: "Those families who successfully planned the number of their children [were those for whom] birth rates correlated . . . directly with social status."

More than 80 per cent of the people in the Indianapolis study had used or planned to use some method for control of births. And among the careful planners the old inverse relationship—high breeders, low earners—had changed.

The rational adjustment of fertility to social and economic conditions is further emphasized in Elbridge Sibley's piece. Americans are marrying younger and starting their families earlier. ("In 1950, the proportion married among all males under twenty years of age was almost twice as large as in 1940.") And quite significantly, the changes are even greater for the college-educated. We cannot assume that earlier marriage and earlier parenthood necessarily go together. Rather, both appear to stem from a carefully calculated assessment of the current situation. Marriage and parenthood, it seems, "can properly be bought on credit, like houses and automobiles." The high level of employment, veterans' benefits, a social security program which relieves youngsters of some of the economic burden of caring for their elders—these are aspects of the current scene which enable the *conscious* decision to marry and sire at younger ages. Dr. Sibley concerns himself with the consequences of this recent and remarkable change in the family cycle.

But equally important is the increased control over man's destiny which such a change symbolizes. The contrast between the American scene and the situation in China and India is startling: uncontrolled death vs. the calculated creation of life. Here is the great theme of human development—increased mastery over one's world, and particularly over that most important part of it which is ourselves. Impotence and mastery, ignorance and knowledge—this is the contrapuntal pattern which underlies these demographic changes. The contrast, obviously, is one of degree. Our knowledge is always partial, involving us in unanticipated consequences which ramify throughout the intricate network of society.

Sometimes it has been assumed that problems of "excess" population might be solved by export. But often people are loathe to move. It is a question, e.g., whether that quarter of the Netherlanders reporting a wish to move would in fact do so if the choice were real. One is reminded of the ancient grandmother, so glad to return to her Appalachian cabin after visiting a wealthy son. "I yearned," she said, "for some hills to lean my eyes against." In any case, with mortality

rates dropping and birth rates hanging at 30 to 40 per 1000 population, there would hardly be ships enough in the world to set the migrants on their way. And in addition there'd be no welcome mat laid out for them. Perhaps it is inevitable, a built-in aspect of mobility, which basically explains resistance to the maverick migrant. So, at any rate, do I speculate in my piece on "Mobility and the Maverick."

These fundamental demographic differences between East and West are significant aspects of our current crisis. Perhaps we need not take as dim a view as Malthus. The Chinese in their ancient wisdom provide a hopeful note. The bisyllabic word for crisis is compounded of two others: one meaning *danger*, the other, *opportunity*. There is no doubt about the danger. But as these essays must suggest, there is much funded knowledge. We have no warrant for a hopeless deference to Kismet. Perhaps the critical factors are time and will.

## *Exile*

*By* Harry Roskolenko

When I struck my angered father and I ran,
I went to sea in a fo'c'sle's alien slum.
I hid in sweat to earn my pain and gall,
But I could not hide from my father's memory.
His eyes had burst his love upon that moment,
Like a rocket's fire melting down the skies;
But I, a fist, was no longer a masochist . . .

I doomed his love, and affection's good father,
For hate was my blood and strangeness my journeys;
And I knew a world that made my father good,
My mother sweet, my brothers better than friends;
But some ritual in me could not extend
My love, nor erase my angers. I had committed evil,
I went to sea for years to escape my perfidy.

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Harry Roskolenko, a free lance writer, has published a number of volumes of poetry.

# China's Population: Riddle of the Past, Enigma of the Future

*By* IRENE B. TAEUBER

When, on November 1, 1954, the People's Republic of China announced that it had more than 600 million people, the ancient riddle of the demographers escaped the confines of academic controversy. A census figure became a newspaper headline. In distant places there were prophecies of the doom that awaited a people as numerous as the Chinese; but among China's neighbors there were intensified fears of infiltration and inundation. The statistical damage was devastating, for if China had 600 million people in 1954, she had had approximately that many people for a considerable period of time. If the scholarly studies of recent decades had been based on false premises, the estimates of the past trends and the prewar status of the population of China were alike erroneous.

The population of China is far more than that of a nation. The Chinese are the largest group of ethnically and culturally unified people on the earth's surface; they constitute one-fourth of the world's population. All other demographic facts and processes in the Pacific area are ripples on the currents of Asian and world developments if assessed against the magnitude of the size and potential growth of the Chinese people. The basic questions transcend the demographic. Is a population such as that claimed by the Chinese Communists an explosive force or a protean mass whose planned expansions and undirected movements alike threaten its neighbors? Or does this immense population with its present density and its great potential for growth doom the

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Since 1936 Dr. Taeuber has been research associate of the Office of Population Research, Princeton University. She was co-editor of *Population Index*, 1935-1954. Her two latest works, now in press, are *The Population of Japan* (Princeton University Press); and, with Conrad Taeuber, *The Changing Population of the United States, 1790-1955* (John Wiley).

Chinese themselves to a life where hunger, ignorance, and their associated instabilities preclude either substantial economic advance or enduring political power?

### *The Census-Registration of 1953-1954*

The quest for the significance of a population of 602 million Chinese for Mainland China, Asia, and the world has a necessary prelude in technical description and evaluation. The question is one of fact. Did or did not the People's Republic of China have a population of 602 million as of midnight on June 30, 1953? More precise formulation is possible. The Communists' total figure includes estimates of 7.6 million Chinese in Taiwan and 11.7 million other Chinese outside Mainland China. The question thus becomes that of the survey procedures that yielded a population of 583 million for Mainland China itself. The area of China is great, the terrain is difficult, and communication facilities are limited. Most of the people are illiterate, and they are suspicious of government inquisitions for whatever purpose. The interrelated problems of organization, reporting, and processing had precluded accurate nationwide registration or enumeration of the population by any previous government of China.

The plans and procedures for the census of 1953 were quite sophisticated, for Peking itself had many statisticians and there was technical assistance from the Soviet Union.[1] Major attention was given to the organization for enumeration, the schedules were simple, and the results were hand-tabulated at local levels and transmitted upward in the administrative hierarchy for progressive summation. The inquiry was limited to the essential items of residence, age, sex, and nationality; the party apparatus was utilized at national, provincial, and local levels. In densely settled localities people came to the census offices to register, whereas in dispersed areas there was field enumeration. (Some eight million people in minority areas were not individually enumer-

[1]The most detailed information available is in an article by the technical assistant on the census, S. Krotevich. "Vsekitayskaya perepis' naseleniya 1953 g." (All China census of population, 1953.) *Vestnik Statistiki* (Herald of Statistics), No. 5 (Sept.-Oct., 1955).

ated. In addition, the figure of 7.6 million was accepted for Taiwan. Data on overseas Chinese were collected by the Committee on the Affairs of the Chinese Population Living Abroad.) All information was to be as of the critical date of June 30, 1953; residence was to be the place of permanent residence rather than the place of enumeration. Major difficulties arose in the determination of residence and of age, however, and migration presented many complications. An ingenious device of a discarded section of the schedule permitted families to report their long-absent members without disturbing the tabulations of a habitually resident population. Temporarily absent persons were reported by and included with their families; persons temporarily present were not registered or enumerated. The destination cards which all migrants are required to carry were marked to indicate previous inclusion in the counting.

Age presented even greater difficulties than residence, for there is no commonly accepted uniform year in China, and traditional Chinese do not reckon age in completed years by counting the newborn infant as zero years of age. Reported age might be in the Western system of reckoning or in the Chinese system whereby the infant is one year of age at birth and ages a year at the New Year. In the latter case, year of birth might be given in terms of the cycles of the years or in terms of the years of the dynastic reign. Census personnel carried elaborate forms in order to transform reported year of birth to age in completed years. Both the reports on census operations and the fragmentary data available by age indicate that the Communist statisticians did not solve the problem of age reporting in a mixed Western-lunar system.

All the intricate procedures for the allocation of residence, the counting of migrants once and only once, and the determination of age meant delays in enumeration and tabulation. Finally the requirement of reference to the critical date as of June 30, 1953 and the elaborate instructions as to residence and age were relaxed. The time schedule required that provincial totals be available by November, 1953. By the end of 1953 the census was reported as 29 per cent completed. In the following March it was reported that the census had been completed in 30 per cent of the country. At this time orders were issued that procedures be simplified and the census completed quickly. In

June, the Deputy Prime Minister announced the general results; in November, the Statistics Bureau made an official report.

How accurate were the data secured in this census-registration of 1953-1954? No information on procedures and no data now available permit a definitive answer. The Statistics Office claimed phenomenal accuracy on the basis of "on-the-spot control checks" of 53 million people; but casual acceptance of the claim is not possible for those who know the lack of quantitative awareness among the Chinese and the characteristics of China. Comparisons of Communist and Nationalist figures indicate gross discrepancies, but the known deficiencies of the Nationalist data are such that disagreements with them constitute no basis either for acceptance or for repudiation. The Communist government has developed various registration and reporting systems, particularly household registers that provide for the recording of births, deaths, out-movements, and in-movements.[2] The total and the provincial populations as estimated for 1953 agree rather closely with those presumably secured from the census-registration. This agreement does not constitute validation of either series, but instead raises serious questions as to the degree of independence between the records, the estimated populations, and the census enumerations at the local levels. Thus proper caution would dictate suspended judgment as to the completeness and accuracy of the census-registration of 1953-1954. However, the suspension of judgment would be of long duration, for it would have to last until such a time as the government in Peking published the detailed data for all China, the provinces, the *hsien*, and the major cities. It is necessary, therefore, that some general decision as to validity be made on the basis of the fragments of information now available. Acceptance of all the data as essentially correct for all characteristics in all areas would be naïve indeed, but total rejection would be contrary to many known facts. The balance of the present evidence suggests that the activities of 1953-1954 were the nearest to a count that has been made of the population of China. As such, the results must be accepted provisionally for operational and planning purposes. It should be noted that the Communist government itself has accepted them.

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[2]Irene B. Taeuber and Leo A. Orleans. "A Note on the Population Statistics of Communist China," *Population Index* 22(4): 274-276 (Oct., 1956).

### *The Questions of the Past and Present*

If the population of Mainland China was about 600 million in 1953-1954, it must have been approximately this size in the days before the war with Japan, World War II, and the revolution. This large a population in the early '30's is quite inconsistent with the official figures of the time, and thus also quite inconsistent with the accepted reconstructions of the growth of China's population in recent centuries. To pursue this topic through the morass of conflicting evidence and alternative estimates is impossible here. A comparison of the official reports of population in the Ching Dynasty[3] with those of the Communists suggests that the size of the present population is not unduly large if these past figures are accepted as reasonably close to the realities of the time. The population of the Ching Dynasty was reported as 265 million in 1775, 295 million in 1800, 380 million in 1825, and 430 million in 1850. The population in the years from 1930 to 1950 was approximately 580 million. Thus population increased about 150 million in the years from 1775 to 1850, and then increased another 150 million in the years from 1850 to 1930-1950. The magnitude of these increases is tremendous, but the rates of the increase were low, and over long periods of time they were declining.

The slow but irregular growth of the Chinese population in the past reflected the changing differences between high and fluctuating death rates and high but fairly stable birth rates. The major variable was the death rate, and the major factors in that variable were the adequacy of food, the prevalence of disease, and the level of internal order. Famine, epidemic, and revolution were the great deterrents to consistent growth. The long period of growth from the middle-eighteenth to the middle-nineteenth centuries was associated with the administrative efficiency of the Ching dynasty and the economic advances promoted by it. New crops from the Americas, movements into less developed areas, and more intensive cultivation provided food for the increasing population. Epidemics continued, but there seem to have been few of the great pandemics or natural calamities that decimate the populations of great regions.

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[3]The series of annual reports of the Ching Empire was reproduced by S. Krotevich, *op. cit.*

Some time about the middle of the nineteenth century the complex of relationships favoring population growth seems to have encountered the cumulative calamities of the period of decline. The Taiping Rebellion of the 1850's ended the effective administrative control of the central government. A greatly increased population, inefficient administration, and precarious order were associated with a widened prevalence of malnutrition, famine, and epidemic. The great new forces limiting mortality in the colonial areas of Asia were largely absent from China. The industrial and commercial penetration of the West extended little beyond the cities. Public health services, agricultural experiment stations, elementary education—these were known to few of China's uncounted millions. Life remained in the patterns of old. Premature death was so prevalent that only the abundant child-bearing of a Confucian and ancestor-venerating people prevented population decline, if indeed decline was not episodic over great regions of the country. In periods of crisis the brake of mortality on population growth extended even to birth itself, for the poor disposed of the infants for whom they could not provide.

This control of population growth by death characterized all the peoples of Asia in the premodern period, and it characterizes all except the Japanese today. Death rates were reduced earlier in the colonial areas than they were in China, and the rates were reduced further. Birth rates remained at their premodern levels, and so population growth began earlier and was more rapid in the colonial areas than in China. Thus China's very backwardness in the past reduced the rate of growth and prevented the development of a population much larger than the one that now exists.

This reconstruction of the past dynamics of the Chinese population is based more on historical description than on accurate measurement. Its essential validity is corroborated by all the statistics that have been collected and all the studies that have been made of Chinese within China or on her peripheries.

The present levels of birth and death rates and hence the present rate of natural increase are as little known as those of the past. In 1954 the Communists announced that a survey of vital rates among 30 million people showed a birth rate of 37 per 1,000 total population and a death rate of 17. The rate of natural increase was thus two per cent per year. The birth rate of 37 is quite inconsistent with the results of

previous studies of the fertility of the Chinese; the death rate of 17 is quite suspect on the basis of the known limitations to public health activities in modern China. The underestimation of births and deaths alike leaves little basis for assessing the probability of a rate of natural increase of two per cent at the time of the survey. For instance, a birth rate of 47 and a death rate of 27 are rather plausible, and this combination would yield an annual rate of increase of two per cent.

### *Growth and Its Relationships*

Whatever happened in the past, and whatever the precise rate of natural increase at the moment, the outlines of current problems are fairly clear. Mainland China has a gigantic population, and its growth potential is great. The assessment of present relations and future prospects would not be altered greatly if the population were 50 to 100 million above or below the number reported in the census-registration of 1953-1954. The reason for this seeming irrelevance of the absolute number of Chinese at a specific date is the admitted magnitude of the number and the magnitude of the annual increases that may occur if conditions are such as to permit the reductions of death rates that are technically possible. The government of the Republic of China reported the population of China as 463,493,000 in 1948; the Communist figure for 1953 is 582,603,000. The experience of many other areas indicates that the elimination of famines and epidemics combined with the sparing but efficient use of DDT and the antibiotics could reduce the death rate to 15 per 1,000 total population. If the birth rate is about 45, the reduction of the death rate to 15 without changes in the birth rate would leave a natural increase of 30. If the Nationalist estimate of 463 million is accepted, a rate of natural increase of three per cent would add 13.9 million people to the population in a year. Less than a decade woud be required for this population of 463 million to reach the Communist figure of 583 million. If the Communist population of 583 million is accepted, a rate of natural increase of three per cent would add 17.6 million people to the population in a year.

Manipulations of estimates—population size, assumed present and future growth rates—could be continued almost indefinitely. But the critical question is not the numbers *per se* but the meaning of an attained size and growth potential such as that of China for the social

transformation, economic development, and political stability of the country. In the long run, the critical questions are those involving the trend in the growth rate, and particularly the possibility that the rate of increase may be reduced quickly and the period of growth that accompanies economic modernization shortened. Overshadowing all these somewhat hypothetical queries is this very real question: can China, vast in space and numbers, with agrarian pressures on her resources, develop industrially and maintain her power without exacting the incalculable human costs of selective exterminations?

The estimate of China's growth potential was only the roughest of approximations; for actual growth depends on the difference between birth and death rates. These rates are not predictable, either separately or in combination. The future course of each is dependent on the economic and social changes that occur in China; these changes, in turn, are reciprocally affected by the course of death and birth rates, and by the extent of the population increase as it relates to the use of old and new resources dedicated to raising the level of living for the Chinese people.

The reduction of the death rate is a question of the feasible rather than of the policies of government and the aspirations of people. The reduction of disease and the prevention of premature death are almost obsessive goals of the governments and peoples of Asia, and the Mainland Chinese are no exception. What can be done in health services and public sanitation must be done; people who realize that disease can be eradicated, death prevented, do not remain quiescent while the scourges continue. Moreover, economic advances in agriculture and in industry require vigorous people rather than those debilitated by disease and weakened by hunger. In the abstract, therefore, it might seem that Communist China would follow the example of Ceylon, that DDT and all the modern miracle chemicals would be applied throughout the land, that death rates would drop quickly from Eastern to Western levels. The situation is not so simple. The provision of public health services for 500 to 600 or 700 million people requires immense investments in facilities and personnel. The chemicals and the medicines must be produced or imported, and neither is yet possible in sufficient quantities.

If the increase in food production and in general economic development proceeds rapidly enough to insure rising levels of nutrition

and of income for the increasing numbers of people, death rates can be expected to decline. The rate of that decline would be related to the extent of the resources devoted to health and sanitary activities. There are circular relations here. The economic development that proceeds more rapidly than population growth, permits rising levels of living and government investments in health activities thus reducing death rates. Failure in economic development, particularly in the agricultural sector, could mean not alone the failure of death rates to decline but the recurrence in even greater magnitude of the great famines and other forms of decimation.

The problems of reducing and of reduced mortality are necessary and continuing ones for Communist China, as for other areas in roughly similar economic-demographic situations. If the birth rate is 45 per 1,000 total population, growth occurs unless the death rate is also 45. Yet development is inconceivable in the physical, social, and economic situation that generates death rates of 45. On the other hand, the greater the economic development the more rapid the extension of the new health miracles and the more rapid the decline of the death rate—and the greater the economic development required simply to provide for the increased population. The simple arithmetic of the relations between economic growth and population increase dictates that eventually either the economic growth slows and then ceases because of the pressures of population, or the population increase slows and then ceases, thus permitting the continuation of economic growth. The increase of the death rate would retard economic growth. It would indeed represent economic failure. It is not a feasible solution to the economic problems of population growth. The only solution to those problems is the decline of population increase through the reduction of the birth rate.

The question of the birth rate, in China, as elsewhere, has been surrounded with charges and counter-charges of Malthusianism and Neo-Malthusianism, of Marxian ideology versus capitalistic theories, of optimists versus pessimists in population-resources relationships of the present and the future. Chinese Communists were blatant Marxians in their first years in power; they remain so today, but with a critical difference. They now condemn Neo-Malthusianism on economic grounds but advocate population control on social and political grounds.[4] The

[4] I have analyzed these developments in an article on "Population Policies in Communist China," *Population Index* 22(4): 261-274 (Oct., 1956).

origin of this characteristically Chinese handling of a problem of rational behavior seems to lie in the coincidence of the census results and the operational plans for development in the various sectors of the society and economy. For instance, education is essential to the development of the industrial, urban, and politically conscious population. The building of schools, the production of supplies, and the training of teachers for a nation of 450 million or so inhabitants seemed a stupendous task. Suddenly the population for which schools had to be provided became 583 million. And then the official survey indicated a two per cent rate of population increase—12 million additional people each year. The rational policy seemed to require a reduction in the rate of increase, but the only way in which this rate could be lessened was through a reduction of the birth rate. This the Chinese decided to accomplish.

Actions came swiftly once the relation between high birth rates and the success of party programs became apparent. The initial speech came in Peking in the fall of 1954. In 1955 a party theorist demonstrated the need for a limitation of births in terms of the health of women and children, the provisions of time for study and party work, and the opportunities that responsible parents owed their children. The official journals of the All China Federation of Democratic Women and the Communist Youth League ran major articles on birth control and recommended its practice. Contraceptive supplies were placed on sale. The laws on abortion and sterilization were liberalized. Studies of the traditional remedies of the herbalists were authorized. The Minister of Health seemingly wavered in her decisions, but on June 19, 1956, she apologized to the National People's Congress for her failures and on August 6 she directed all health officers to push the campaign to spread information about birth control techniques.

## *The Enigma of the Future*

The assessment of the population statistics and the policy statements of Communist China are alike difficult. Even complete information on census and vital statistics data and complete reports on the policy activities would be an inadequate basis for predicting the future growth of the population. The initial reactions of students involve

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skepticism about the statistics and cynicism about the policies. Admitting that the census is an approximate count, and that birth rates are very high, there remains the question of the present level and the future course of the death rate. Given industrial development, increasing food production, expanding health services, and declining death rates, there remains the question of the trend in the birth rate. Unless that birth rate declines sooner and more swiftly than it did with industrialization and urbanization in the West and in Japan, economic development itself may be slowed, the decline of mortality retarded or erased, and so the forces stimulating declining birth rates blunted. A more rapid decline of fertility requires the adoption of planned parenthood by the peasants in the villages, for only thus can national population growth be reduced appreciably except in the very long run. And few students would argue that China has a very long run in which to solve the problems of the multiplication of numbers inherent in economic and social modernization.

In the short run of a generation or two, optimism concerning a reduction of the pressures of population increase requires an intensive rationality among the illiterate peasants of a familistic society. Under the conditions of the past, any planning that involved low fertility in Chinese villages would have seemed quite unrealistic. But in that past, the belief that any government of China could or would adopt and implement campaigns to reduce fertility in the villages would have seemed quite unrealistic.

The future of Mainland China's population has to be assessed in the context of a state in revolution and a society in disruption. The driving ideological goals of the Communist state include the destruction of all those institutions of the old order that are labelled as feudalistic. The family system and the Confucian ethic must be dethroned, for otherwise the Communists will follow all China's other conquerors—perverted by or absorbed into the society they have seemingly conquered. Personal freedom in marriage, the equality of women, the liquidation of the gentry—these are the essential bases for the creation of the Communist order. They are also the processes of social change that may permit a swift indoctrination of limited childbearing as a phase of the new life and the new party orthodoxy. This is speculative, but there is no approach other than speculation to a future for which history has no precedent.

The assault on the birth rate is but one aspect, even a minor aspect, of the activities that influence the productive capacity of the economy of China and the characteristics and attitudes of the people. Industrialization, increased food production, and the development of the frontier areas involve not alone the capacity to feed more people but the change from rural to urban living for increasing proportions of the people. Mass education and the incessant study activities that carry the indoctrination to local levels may transform codes and behavior in the village society. The fundamental assault is on Chinese culture itself rather than on the high birth rate.

The future course of the population of China may seem to be a dependent variable, and in many ways it is. But given the immensity of the Chinese population and the formidable barriers to economic development, the rate of increase of the population may become the most critical of all the factors of change. If the Communists do not so recognize it at present, it is likely that they will be forced to do so eventually. The approach to population policy in recent months is only a prelude to the government program that may be anticipated in the future.

## *Storm on Kinedana*

*By* Ian Mudie

The rending crack of thunder splits the black
cloud in the south with a glaring fissure of light,
then flings in our faces icy pellets of rain.

And down on the plain the first almond blossom,
lying like a light fall of snow
on the leafless trees.

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An Australian, Ian Mudie published his first volume of verse *Corroboree to the Sun* in 1940; his sixth and latest is due to appear later this year. His work appears regularly in Australian periodicals and is often broadcast over the Australian Broadcasting Commission network. One of two poetry anthologies he has edited, *Poets at War*, has had a wide sale among American servicemen stationed in Australia during the war. He says that he writes his poetry "wholly under compulsion, never by intention," his more formal poems often assembling themselves during sleep.

# The Population Problem of India

*By* WARREN S. THOMPSON

UNTIL RECENT YEARS, death has dominated the story of the rise and fall of India's population. The future will be written more and more in terms of births. In the meantime there will be plenty of problems, many of them deriving from the burst of population growth in this ten-year-old nation.

India is about four-tenths the size of the United States with a population (357 millions in 1951) two and two-thirds times as large as ours. The record of growth of India's population—the reference, unless I indicate otherwise, is always to postpartition India—reveals two significant features. First, there was great variability in the growth of population before 1921. Second, there has been a consistent and fairly high rate of growth since 1921. Here are the data on India's recent growth.[1]

| *Year* | *Population* (000's omitted) | *Per Cent Change* |
|---|---|---|
| 1954 (est.) | 372,500 | |
| 1951 | 356,900 | 14.1 |
| 1941 | 312,800 | 13.5 |
| 1931 | 275,500 | 11.0 |
| 1921 | 248,100 | —0.34 |
| 1911 | 249,000 | 5.7 |
| 1901 | 235,500 | —0.15 |
| 1891 | 235,900 | |

[1]These figures from the "Census of India, 1951" do not include Kashmir-Jammu which had a population of approximately 4 million in 1941 and 4.4 million in 1951. The figure for 1941 has been reduced by two million to allow for overenumeration at that time.

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The year 1921 is a watershed point for the factors affecting India's population growth. Each decade since 1921 has shown substantial growth, even when allowance is made for the overenumeration believed by the Indian census authorities to have taken place in 1941. (At that time both the Hindu and Muslim populations were anxious to show majorities in certain areas where their numbers were believed to be about equal, since the allocation of these areas to India or Pakistan might be determined by results of the 1941 census count.) In the thirty years from 1891 to 1921 Indian census authorities believe that India's population grew only from 235.9 millions to 248.1 millions; that during the first and last of these three decades there were small declines, while only in the middle period, 1901 to 1911 was there a substantial increase of 5.7 per cent. Quite in contrast, the population has grown about 44 per cent—from 248 to 357 millions—since 1921. Now what accounts for the difference in the rate of growth on either side of this watershed year? The purely demographic explanation is that the death rate was higher and more variable in the earlier period than in the later one. But we are much more interested here in the conditions which brought about such a difference in death rates. In brief, this difference stemmed chiefly from the greater prevalence of famine and disease in the earlier period.

A few examples will show how important these factors—the "positive checks" of Thomas Malthus—have been in determining growth in the past. Following its investigation during the 1870's, the Indian Famine Commission of 1880 reported that "No deficiency at once so serious and so widespread in its effects as that which from 1876 to 1878 was experienced in various parts of the country had previously occurred in the century." This famine was judged to have increased the normal death rate in great areas "by about 40 per cent." Such a vast excess of deaths goes far to explain the fact that in 1881 the population was very little larger than in 1872. The period 1881—1891 was almost free from famine; and the population grew by 9.6 per cent. (There can be no doubt that what was true for prepartition India was also true for the present India.)

Almost every account of the ravages of famine calls attention also to the unusual prevalence of infectious and contagious diseases—typhoid fever, dysentery, cholera, smallpox, malaria. Some accounts attribute even more deaths to these diseases than to the famine. The

close relation between famine and disease is obvious. Prolonged and severe undernourishment would make people easy victims of the contagious and infectious diseases. One example of a terrific toll of life in recent times is that of the influenza epidemic of 1918-19. The All-India Census Report, 1921, sums up the ravages of this epidemic as follows: "We thus arrive at a total mortality of *between twelve and thirteen millions* for India." Moreover, it speaks of this estimate as "conservative." Thus in recent decades when India's population grew little or none there is convincing evidence that famine and disease were more widespread and more severe than usual. Hence the death rate rose until it about equalled and in some cases exceeded the high birth rate. Such a state of affairs was probably typical of India's population for centuries. Periods when famines and epidemics raised the death rate to a high level, resulting in a stationary or declining population, alternated with periods when famine or disease were less severe and an increase in population ensued. These periods of increase never lasted long, however, for had this happened, India would now have a much larger population than she does—or there would be records of holocausts in which people perished by the tens of millions.

Changes in India's death and birth rates over the past seventy years cannot be charted with precision because registration of both births and deaths is far from complete. But for the period 1881-1941 the following estimates of Kingsley Davis for prepartition India are probably as good as we can hope for. They are quite generally accepted as showing approximate levels of births and deaths. As a basis for comparison it may be useful to keep in mind the 1950 U.S. birth rate (23.6) and death rate (9.6).

| *Period* | *Death Rate* | *Birth Rate* |
|---|---|---|
| 1931-41 | 31.2 | 45 |
| 1921-31 | 36.3 | 46 |
| 1911-21 | 48.6 | 49 |
| 1901-11 | 42.6 | 48 |
| 1891-01 | 44.4 | 46 |
| 1881-91 | 41.3 | 49 |

S. P. Jain ("Census of India, 1951") calculates both death rates and birth dates for 1941-51 as considerably lower than those for the pre-

ceding decade. His figures are 27.4 and 39.9 for the death and birth rates, respectively. But I strongly doubt whether any such decline could have occurred between these two last decades. Principal reasons for my skepticism are these. First, the war disturbed Indian life in many ways and tended to hinder the improvement of civilian services such as health and education. It also led to a reduction in agricultural production. Second, the Bengal famine of 1943 is supposed to have killed not fewer than 1.5 millions (although most of these deaths probably occurred in the population which later became a part of Pakistan). Third, some seven to eight million persons fled from Pakistan into India and it is almost certain that there were heavy losses of life on the way. And the fact that they had to be crowded into hastily improvised refugee camps undoubtedly contributed to high death rates for several years in spite of the fact that there were no really devastating epidemics. Finally, and in my judgment most important, the deterioration of agriculture was very great, both as a result of the war and the troubles incident to partition. FAO data on agricultural production show that even as late as 1953 per capita production of food in India had not yet risen to prewar levels. The most serious problem independent India has had to face has been the shortage of food; imports have been large until the last two or three years. For two decades prior to the war, India had not needed to import any significant amount of food. There can be no doubt that during the years when food was scarce the death rate was significantly higher than it would otherwise have been. This would offset, in part, the effects of such improved health work as India was able to get started between independence and the census of 1951. Indeed, it seems to speak very well for the stability and the effectiveness of public services in India from 1941 to 1951—both before and after independence—that the death rate did not rise as compared with the preceding decade.

Now as to the alleged decline in the birth rate, when the census figures for 1941 are corrected to allow for overenumeration, we find that the rate of increase between 1941 and 1951 was 0.6% higher than in the preceding decade. Since there is no independent evidence of any decline in the birth rate beyond what little might be expected from the disturbances just noted, I find it hard to believe that there was any substantial change in either the death rate or the birth rate between 1931-41 and 1941-51.

What of the future?

As we have seen, India has made marked progress since about 1920 in the control of those contagious and infectious diseases which have for ages taken a heavy toll of life. Even so, the death rate has probably been in the neighborhood of 29 or 30 per thousand. But there can be no doubt that a further rapid reduction is both possible and probable, provided the people can be supplied with the necessities of life a little more adequately than in the past. This view is supported by the accomplishments of Japan and Ceylon since the war.

In Japan the death rate before World War II had already dropped well below that in other Asiatic countries and stood at about 17-18 per 1000. An intensive health program during and since the Occupation has cut this death rate in half. By 1955 Japan's death rate had fallen to about 8 per 1000. While such a low crude death rate can only be maintained for the few years during which the age composition of the Japanese people remains very favorable—i.e., as long as the proportion of the population consisting of children and of adults under 45 remains very high—death rates for specific ages can probably be brought still lower.

In Ceylon an intensive campaign for the elimination of the malaria-carrying mosquito, together with an intensification of the other health work already well established, reduced the death rate by about 40 per cent in three years. It is now 11 to 12 per 1000 and Ceylon's population will double in about 25 years at its present rate of growth.

In the light of the achievements of Japan and Ceylon there can be no doubt that India can reduce her death rate even more rapidly in the future than in the past if the necessities of life can be provided. The First Five Year Plan of India, ending in the spring of 1956, produced an increasingly effective organization for the control of malaria, the spread to many villages of knowledge regarding needed sanitary measures, organized campaigns to reduce intestinal diseases, widespread vaccination against smallpox, increased effectiveness of antituberculosis work and the use of antibiotics on a rapidly expanding scale. The training of physicians and nurses likewise made good progress. These beginnings made during the First Five Year Plan should lead to increasingly effective health work during the second and subsequent plans. Whether the death rate in the decade 1941-51

was 27, 28, 29 or 30 makes little practical difference in projections of India's population growth from 1951 to 1975. Either the higher or the lower of these rates can be cut in half in ten or fifteen years; and then by two or three points more in another ten years. This assumes, of course, that the necessities of life are available—in fact that the per capita supply of these necessities will increase somewhat during the next two or three decades. Any doubt regarding India's ability to reduce her death rate to one-half or less its present level does not arise from lack of knowledge of control of infectious and contagious diseases; but rather from the question whether she can increase production fast enough to insure a modest improvement in the level of living.

What then might be some plausible assumptions about changes in India's death rate? A reduction somewhat as follows is quite within reason: 1951-56, a death rate of perhaps 26 (there is some reason to believe that the death rate has already been reduced to about this level). During the four succeeding five-year periods the death rates might well be, respectively, 20 to 22 per 1000, 17 to 19, 14 to 16 and finally, in the period 1971-76, dropping to 12 or 13 per 1000. Assuming for the moment that there is no reduction in the birth rate during this period, and that it stood at about 43-45 per 1000 while the death rate was 29 to 30 during the decade 1941-51, then the increase would rise from about 18 to 19 during 1951-56 to a rate of increase of 30 per 1000 in 1971-76. I am not predicting these rates of increase. I am merely saying that if there is no decline in the birth rate, the reasonable expectation of decline in the death rate would lead to such a rate of growth if the per capita supply of life's necessities increased only a little.

Clearly such increasing rates of population growth would require a much more rapid rate of increase in production than would be needed if the birth rate were to fall at about the same speed as the death rate. The people planning India's economic development are well aware of the likelihood that population will grow more rapidly as health work becomes more efficient and as the necessities of life become somewhat more abundant. Because of this they are planning not only for a rapid increase in the productivity of labor in agriculture; but also for a rapid increase in industrial production and in the services essential to an improved level of living. Services receiving particular

attention are transportation and communication, the installation of electric power plants, education and training for industrial and professional work of all kinds, and the improvement of health services. Indian leaders are also fully aware that any significant improvement in the living conditions of the people must provide for absorbing practically all the increase in the labor force into nonagricultural jobs, since one of the most important reasons for the low per capita productivity in agriculture is the excess of farm labor. The really vital question then is this: "Can the economy be expanded fast enough to care for a rapidly increasing population and also provide for a slowly rising level of living for the entire population?"

Of course this question cannot be answered with any assurance either by the Indians themselves or by foreigners studying their problems. But it is clear to all that it would be much easier to increase the goods available to each person if the number of persons were to increase more slowly than at present rather than more rapidly, as now seems highly probable. This brings us to the very heart of the problem as many Indians are quick to point out. Is it reasonable to expect that in the near future the birth rate will begin to decline and that within, say, ten or fifteen years, it will be declining at the same pace as the death rate; and that soon thereafter, as the death rate reaches a low and fairly stable level, the birth date will continue to decline until it is just about equal to the death rate and the population becomes practically stationary?

I am afraid the very best one can hope is that India's population will not exceed 410 to 415 millions by 1961; and 465 to 475 millions by 1971 with a rapid diminution of growth thereafter. *This would mean that, at a minimum, India would need to plan for a population of 500 millions twenty years hence.* It should be clearly understood that this is only my guess; and that it is based on these assumptions. First, it seems reasonable to believe that India will continue to improve the health conditions of her people at a fairly rapid rate and thus reduce the death rate quite rapidly during the next two decades. Second, I cannot see how even a well-planned and publicly supported movement for family limitation can reasonably be expected to be sufficiently effective to reduce the birth rate to the same level as the death rate in less than fifteen to twenty years. Finally, I think it reasonable to assume that the goods and services needed to support a popula-

tion growing at the minimum suggested above can be produced, and at a slightly rising per capita level.

The first of these assumptions—a fairly rapid reduction of the death rate—needs no further discussion here. The second, that a fairly rapid but inadequate spread of family limitation will take place, needs some justification. The third point also needs some elaboration.

For some years many influential Indian people, among them Premier Nehru himself, have felt that the increase of India's population during the years since 1921 constituted one of the very serious obstacles to the improvement of the level of living of the people. The First Five Year Plan allocated Rs. 6.5 millions to a family planning program. In the early years of this plan the government of India asked the World Health Organization to make a study of the applicability of the rhythm method of conception control to Indian conditions. This study was set up, although as far as I know it was never completed. But to judge from the preliminary report, it was carried through to a point where those in charge decided that the rhythm method was not well enough adapted to Indian conditions to insure any substantial degree of control over conception in the foreseeable future. It did show that even in the agricultural villages many women were interested in reducing the number of their conceptions. This desire to reduce the number of conceptions has also been found in several other studies investigating the attitudes of Indian women towards the size of their families. There is some reason to believe, therefore, that if a simple, cheap and effective method of preventing conception were developed—one also well adapted to Indian conditions of life—it might come into use far more rapidly than contraception did in the West during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth. This seems to be the view in the government since the Second Five Year Plan provides Rs. 40 million for family planning work. In its "Draft Outline" of the second Five-Year Plan the Government of India Planning Commission says: "It is expected that about 300 urban and 2000 rural clinics will be set up during the second plan."

It is encouraging to find such a widespread realization among responsible officials of the need to reduce the birth rate; and to find that the government is not only emphasizing the need for family limitation, but is ready to provide a large number of clinics. But 200

clinics for 600,000 or more villages can be only a beginning unless methods of conception control which do not require clinical advice become available. At present no one can foresee how rapidly the propaganda for family limitation will catch on; or how soon simpler, effective methods of conception control will be developed. I fervently hope that the most sanguine expression of official opinion—that it will take fifteen years to reduce the birth rate to the level of the declining death rate—proves to be a good guess. Already five of these fifteen years have passed. In 1956 I could find no evidence of any significant progress toward the achievement of this end, or any persons deeply interested in India's population who believed conception control was catching on. This is the chief reason for my belief that there will be a very minimum of 500 million Indians to care for by 1971, and probably a considerably larger number before the Indian population stops growing.

I can touch only briefly on current efforts to increase the necessities of life and to add to them some of the comforts. The basic purpose of the Five Year Plans is to increase production. The First Five Year Plan placed chief emphasis on the increase of food crops. At the end of the five year period an increase of almost one-fifth had been achieved; and the imports of food which had been large at the beginning were reduced to negligible amounts. I would estimate that the population had probably increased by about eight per cent. This increase in agricultural production, therefore, represents a very substantial gain. But there is a real question whether this increase in food production is permanent. The five years of the first plan included two in which the rainfall (monsoon) was usually favorable. It is quite impossible to know how much the good weather contributed to this increase in production and how much was due to improvement in methods of cultivation, to the use of better seeds, to the increase in irrigated area, to the control of insects and plant diseases, to the use of fertilizer and to other improvements which are more or less independent of the weather. There is no question that more scientific agriculture can add largely to India's food and fiber production in the long run.But because of the variability of the monsoons from year to year it cannot be taken for granted that the 20 per cent increase during the first plan is a firm base for expecting another 20 per cent increase in the second plan and so for several further plans. It is certain to be

a long hard pull to induce Indian farmers to change many agricultural practices which have endured for centuries. This will be the case not only because of the strong hold of tradition but because of the intimate relation between agricultural practices and certain other ways of doing things which must be changed if farming practices are to be altered. As an example one can cite the use of cow dung for fuel instead of for fertilizer. To reverse this practice will be impossible until some other type of fuel becomes available for domestic use, and this is not yet in sight. Again, it seems unlikely that the efficiency of agricultural labor can be greatly increased until new forms of community organization are developed which will make it possible to farm the land in larger units. I must repeat that there is no doubt whatsoever that Indian agriculture can be made much more productive than it is at present, but I do have doubts about a traditional agriculture being changed into a progressive agriculture in the course of two or three five-year plans. Furthermore, it seems certain that even a more modest increase in agriculture than is now envisioned will increase the rate of population growth for several years to come well above that which has prevailed in the past—i.e., above the rate of about 12 per 1000 per year which was the average from 1921 to 1951.

The First Five Year Plan did not provide for any considerable increase in consumers' goods beyond those coming from improved agricultural production. The industrial aspects of the plan were directed primarily at laying the foundations for future production. Hence most of the funds devoted to nonagricultural development were used to improve transport and communication and to establish certain heavy industries like cement, fertilizer and chemical factories plus a few others of basic importance, and several institutes for industrial research. In addition, progress was made in increasing the output of electricity, especially at the multi-purpose dams which also provided water to extend the area of irrigated land. The educational and health aspects of the plan seem to have been carried out with considerable success. The increase in industrial production was less than had been hoped for; but the partial failure here probably was not serious since the preparation for future production was substantial and will pay off in due time.

The Second Five Year Plan places chief emphasis on basic heavy industry. Since India has a relative abundance of the minerals needed

by heavy industry, and since she is rapidly expanding her technical schools to train men for these industries it would seem likely that there will be marked progress in steel production and in other heavy goods in the course of the next two or three five-year plans.

What the eventual outcome of this race between production and population growth will be no one knows. If population growth can be reduced to near zero within the next twenty years the outlook for improved living conditions should be quite encouraging. But at present there can be no assurance that the birth rate will decline this soon or this rapidly. This is not to say that the decline in the birth rate may not be much more rapid than in Western lands during the nineteenth century. I am inclined to believe that it will be. But to change the age-old pattern of reproduction in a few years and among a people still largely illiterate seems rather unlikely. There is little doubt, however, that as the people come to enjoy a better food supply and an increasing portion of the amenities of modern life—better housing, better clothes, more electricity, easier transportation, more and better medical care and education—they will come to realize that this higher level of living is endangered by having many children nearly all of whom are quite likely to live out the normal span of life. But will this new realization come to them, or to enough of them, while there is still opportunity to increase rather easily all types of production with the resources available to them within their own political boundaries? Or in return for what they may have to trade for what they need from abroad? We can't answer this question; nor can we foresee how scarcity of resources will affect the thinking of a people about the several methods open to them to increase those resources on which the further improvement of their level of living depends. In the past we have seen many peoples try to take resources from others in order to insure their own future welfare, and often succeeding in their efforts. Will this continue to be the case? Again one cannot say. We cannot know what any people will, at some future date, think necessary for their "national welfare."

An India (or for that matter a United States) with twice its present population and needing, as many of its leaders will aver, larger resources to maintain or to improve its "national welfare," may very well be willing to undertake the conquest of new resources. I do not say that this will happen. I am merely pointing out that the continued

growth of population may be a factor of great importance in determining the attitudes and policies of any people toward neighbors and toward others throughout the world. It is often said that some peoples are peace-loving and would never attack or try to enlarge their own territory and resources at the expense of others. The fact seems to be that all peoples are peace-loving as long as what they deem their "vital interests" are not attacked. On the other hand, none is peace-loving when these "vital interests" are jeopardized. One cannot say what will be considered a "vital interest," even by his own country, two or three decades in the future, much less what others will consider vital to their welfare. But it does seem highly probable that the urge to maintain a good level of living or to improve a low level of living will always rank high as a vital interest. It also seems very likely that a continuing growth of population for the next few decades in many densely populated areas will hasten the time when these people will feel that the acquisition of greater resources *is* a "vital interest."

## *A Need for Death*

*By* David Lyttle

There is a fine fatigue
No sleep can satisfy,
A stain that always lies
In cracks around the eyes,
And basin of the brain.
There is a need for death.

There is a loneliness
Within the lungs like gas
From matches used to peer
At crooked nails of fear
In the enameled brain.
There is a need for death,

For great detergent death,
And flowage through the bone.

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David Lyttle has published poems in the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Approach* and other poetry magazines. He teaches English at West Virginia University.

# The Planned Family and American Population Growth

*By* RONALD FREEDMAN

AN IMPORTANT INGREDIENT of the American standard of living is the luxury of individual choice of what goes into that standard—for better or for worse. The choices made by millions of individual families have an enormous impact throughout our society and economy. One of the most important kinds of choices families make today concerns the number of children they will have and when they will have them. Choices in these matters of family growth determine the style of life of individual families. They also determine the rate of growth and the composition of our national population.

In the perspective of history, these are unique and revolutionary developments. Over most of human history, neither the number nor the spacing of children has been controlled by individual choice or planning. In most societies neither the desire nor the means to limit family size has been well developed. In some societies, the idea that individuals could plan the number of their children has seemed too ludicrous to merit serious discussion.

In the past, the growth of population has depended mainly on variations in the death rate and relatively little on fluctuations of the birth rate. It is true that in almost all societies there have been some primitive methods of contraception. In the main these methods have been crude and ineffective. More effective methods have been limited

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DR. RONALD FELDMAN, who teaches at the University of Michigan, is well known among the quiet little clan of demographers. He worked on the Indianapolis study of fertility and, in the *Growth of American Families* study alluded to in this essay, will collaborate with P. K. Whelpton in providing for the first time reliable knowledge on the planning and control of family size in the United States as a whole.

to a small segment of the population. Abortion and infanticide were probably much more common than contraception. Periods of great population growth occurred when economic and social conditions were so favorable that high death rates fell. Until recent decades there are no authenticated cases in which the population of a society grew for long pe: ds mainly as a result of a rise in the birth rate rather than a fall in the death rate.

In Western societies the death rate is now relatively low and stable (apart from the ravages of war). Major changes in the rate of growth of population result from variations in the birth rate. Thus, in the United States the birth rate reached an all-time low of 18 births per thousand population in 1933 and then increased to 27 per thousand by 1947—an increase of about 50 per cent. During the same period the death rate only fell by 6 per cent from 10.7 to 10.0 per thousand. Thus the increase in the annual rate of growth of the population from 7.7 to 16.6 per thousand resulted almost entirely from the increase in the birth rate. Such sharp variations in the birth rate and in the rate of growth of our national population are the emergent results of the decisions of millions of individual families who are planning their families more or less effectively, as they plan other aspects of their lives, in response to economic and social conditions and their own social values.

The transition to planned families began in the last century with the diffusion of methods of birth control. Historical records of this development are understandably scanty. It was not likely that this would be a subject for memoirs or statistical investigation in the Victorian era. However, a report of the British Royal Commission on Population presents estimates of the rising rate of contraceptive use in Great Britain in the twentieth century. These estimates show that the proportion of married women who had ever used some type of contraception increased from 15 per cent among the women married before 1910 to 60 per cent for those married in 1925-29. This rise in the use of contraception corresponded with a sharp decline of more than 50 per cent in the average number of births per family.

There is little doubt that in other Western countries the marked decline in the birth rate in the last century also coincided with an increasing use of contraception. The one important exception was

Catholic Ireland where a fall in the birth rate was the result of an increase both in the age at marriage and in the proportion who never married.

The spread of family limitation methods in Western societies did not affect equally all social classes and groups. Generally, birth rates fell first and most rapidly among the better educated, the wealthier, those living in cities, and among those with white collar jobs. In short, those groups in closest touch with the developing urban and industrial revolution were the first to show the trend toward smaller families. It is likely that these are precisely the groups which used contraception first and used it most effectively. Demographers have used the term "differential fertility" to describe the differences in the birth rates of such major groups in the population defined by their income, education, and occupation. During the larger part of the last century one important difference in the style of life of major groups of our population was the small planned family characteristic of some groups and the much larger unplanned families characteristic of others.

At one time such differential fertility aroused great alarm among observers who felt that "better" elements of the population would be swamped by the swarming progeny of the "lower" classes. This alarm has subsided somewhat with the decline in the belief that social classes are biologically different. It has also been lessened by the increasing diffusion of the small family pattern to all major sectors of our society. This in turn depended on the diffusion of contraceptive practices.

As early as 1940 an intensive study in Indianapolis found that among White Protestant couples with an eighth grade education, *more than 90 per cent* of the fecund couples (those with no physiological limitations to child-bearing) *had already used contraception*. While the effectiveness of contraceptive practice did vary with social class, the extent of use did not.

A more extensive study in 1954 found that the use of some method of family limitation is nearly universal in our society. Among a sample of Fecund White married couples in the child-bearing years, 83 per cent had already used contraception. An additional 7 per cent intended to do so in the future. This sample covered all major sectors of the population, except Negroes. There was a proper representation of Catholics and Protestants, farmers and city-folk, white-collar and blue-collar workers.

This very widespread use of contraception supports the view that differential fertility, as we have known it, may disappear in the next generation as the means for planning family size become diffused throughout the population. Already there is evidence that differences in fertility are diminishing as between high and low income groups, city-folks and farmers, the better educated and the less well-educated. The baby-boom which began in the postwar period has been most pronounced among those groups which previously had the lowest birth rates. This has resulted in narrowing traditional fertility differentials.

Further evidence that traditional fertility differentials may be on the way out is found in a 1953 study of the family size ideals of young couples in the Detroit metropolitan area. Seven hundred and eighty-seven young married people were asked the following question: "What do you think is the ideal number of children for the average American family?"

Two significant results were obtained: (1) higher status families gave a somewhat higher "ideal" than the lower status families; (2) there was almost universal consensus that two, three, or four children are ideal. Almost all the couples gave answers falling in this range. Very few considered families smaller than two or larger than four ideal.

One plausible speculation is that traditional fertility differentials may be completely reversed so that the higher status families may have the larger families. In the 1940 Indianapolis study those families who successfully planned the number of all their children, did follow such a pattern so that birth rates were directly correlated with social status. For example, the wealthier families had more children than those less fortunately situated. Perhaps this is a portent of the future. As most families plan and control the number of their children, those who can afford the larger number of children may be more likely to want and to have them.

As the means for planning family size become more widely diffused, the goals toward which the planning is directed become more important. The disappearance of fertility differentials depends on the diffusion of common values about a desirable family size as well as the means to attain these values. In the 1940 Indianapolis study couples in different social classes *wanted* about the same number of children.

At that time the lower status couples had more children than others because they used contraception less effectively and therefore had more unplanned and unwanted children. However, among those couples who successfully planned their family's size these differentials were reversed. The higher status families had more children than the lower status families.

More widespread use of contraception does not necessarily mean a continuing trend to smaller families. This is indicated by the fact that such effective planning groups in our population as college graduates are having larger families now than they did in the depression decade. Apparently they are planning larger families. If size of family can be controlled downward, it can also be controlled upward.

In a society in which most families plan family size, we may expect birth rates to change rather rapidly in response to economic and social conditions. This is illustrated by the sharp fall in the birth rate during the depression and the abrupt rise in the postwar period. Such fluctuations may also result from controlled spacing in the timing of births without any change in the number of children each family eventually has. For example, if most families over several generations want three children, the birth rate may still rise or fall sharply, depending on when in the family life-cycle the three children are planned and born. Even with constant goals for family size, the birth rate may oscillate with swings in the business cycle. Families may tend to postpone having the children they want in "bad times" or even advance births from the future in a period of prosperity. P. K. Whelpton has demonstrated that the high birth rates of the immediate postwar period resulted partly from "late" births to older women, postponed from the depression, and partly from "early" births to younger women—apparently births "borrowed from the future."

During the first years of the postwar baby-boom many students of population trends speculated that the increase in births was entirely a result of such changes in the *timing* of births and that the completed family size of this generation would be no larger than that of the depression decade. The continuation of the baby-boom for ten years now makes it certain that completed families will be larger in this generation than they have been for some time. The long-run trend to smaller families has been arrested and even reversed—at least temporarily.

Regardless of whether families are somewhat larger or smaller, the fact that they are planned and spaced deliberately means that for the nation as a whole births are likely to be concentrated in some years rather than in others. This will have a great impact on our society, even if the number of children born to each generation does not change. The result will be a series of "bulges" in the age structure of our society. A "bulge" of births once created moves up the age-ladder creating a succession of crises as various crucial stages in the life-cycle are reached. The most obvious example is the "bulge" of children which first hit our elementary schools a few years ago. This group is now moving up to successive grade-levels creating new problems of school financing and planning each year. At the time the crisis of the elementary schools began many high schools had empty seats, because the depression-born students were from a low birth-rate period. Current high school enrollments of about 7.5 millions are expected to increase to more than 12 millions by 1965, as the children born after the war reach high school age. This represents an increase of more than 50 per cent in ten years. Similarly, there will be an explosive growth in the numbers of Americans of college age (18-24). At present the number in this age group (15.1 millions) is greater than at any time since 1930. It is expected to grow to 20 millions by 1965 and to 26 millions by 1973. This will represent a 75 per cent increase in eighteen years.

As the postwar population "bulge" moves along it will create new problems (and opportunities) by 1965 in higher education and in the labor market. A few years later its impact at the stage of the formation of new families will be at a maximum, affecting the need for housing and the market for many kinds of appliances and consumer goods. It is likely then that this bulge of new families will in turn produce a new bulge of births in the next decade as the present baby-boom matures to parenthood. A wave of births in one generation may create similar dampened waves for several generations following. One effect of such variations in the birth rate has already been experienced in the postwar shortage of manpower for the armed forces and for starting positions in our economy. Several European countries, including the Soviet Union, now are experiencing a pinch in manpower as a result of the low birth rates in some of the war years.

If the widespread planning of family size has such important consequences, it becomes increasingly important to know what plans families are making—how many children they plan to have and when they plan to have them. These plans are an important basis for projecting future population trends and are, in turn, important for economic and social trends.

One way to approach this problem is to ask the couples in the child-bearing years about their plans for family growth. For many years now sample surveys have included questions to consumers about their plans for saving and spending. Such surveys are used extensively by the Federal Reserve Board and other important agencies for understanding current economic trends and for planning future policy. It is likely that plans for family growth are at least as important as plans for buying cars, television sets, or savings bonds in the budget plans of young couples.

But is it possible and practical to interview a cross-section sample of young couples about their plans for family growth? This involves asking "delicate" questions about sterility and contraceptive practices to ascertain whether the couple can have as many children as they want and whether they have the means to prevent additional unwanted births.

Apparently such investigations are possible. Contraception and family planning are now so much an accepted part of our culture that young couples are ready to discuss their own family planning with properly trained and accredited scientific investigators. Successful field work has recently been completed for just such a study, involving interviews with 2713 couples about sterility problems, contraception, past family growth, and expectations and plans for future family growth. The sample interviewed represents the principal religious groups and major social and economic strata in the population. The proportion of couples refusing to be interviewed was smaller than in surveys covering political and economic issues. Only 10 of the 2713 wives interviewed refused to answer the questions on contraception. A larger number of respondents felt that the questions on family income were too personal! This investigation is known as The Growth of American Families Study. It is a co-operative enterprise of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems of Miami University and the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan.

While most of the results of this particular study are not yet available, we have some information from other sources which permits us to make some inferences about the personal values now directing the growth of American families:

1. Vital statistics indicate a sharp decrease in childlessness. Apparently, very few couples want *no* children. The proportion of couples married any length of time who are childless is now so small that most cases of this type may be attributed to sterility rather than to voluntary childlessness.

2. At the other extreme, large families are also not in style. The proportion of families with five or more children has been declining. It is likely to continue to do so.

3. There is a strong consensus that two, three, or four children is the "ideal" number for the average American family.

4. One finding now available from the Growth of American Families Study is that the average American wife in the child-bearing years now *expects* to have about three children when her family is completed. Such statements of personal expectations are important, because what people consider ideal and what they expect for themselves need not be the same.

5. The current statistics on the order of births (whether they are first births, second births, etc.) are consistent with the idea that moderate size families are growing in popularity. A recent summary of these statistics in the *Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports: "Most striking is the fact that an increasing number of couples are now having a third or fourth child. The annual rate for third births has climbed from 1.8 per 100 married women under age 45 in 1940-1941 to 3.1 per 100 in 1954-1955. The rise has been equally marked for fourth births, the rate increasing by 70 per cent during this period. . . . Moreover in 1954-1955 the number of families which had a second child exceed those having a first child—a situation which is probably unprecedented in our history."

Two years ago Kingsley Davis wrote an article entitled "Small Families Are Still the Fashion." It might be more accurate to say that "Larger Small Families Are Now the Fashion." As Davis indicated, there is no evidence of the return of the large Victorian family. However, it is also true that the childless family and the one-child family seem to be out of fashion. Apparently most people want a family that is small—but not too small.

The general consensus on the larger small family should help to dispel any remaining fears that the family is a disappearing institution. The consensus that at least several children are desirable is part of an apparent resurgence of family oriented sentiments and activities (per-

haps we are only rediscovering what has always been there). At one time observers of urban life were predicting the virtual disappearance of the family as its functions were parcelled out among competing specialized institutions and services. Recent empirical studies in metropolitan areas show that the family remains a basic social institution. Many important functions remain in the nuclear family of husband-wife-and-children. Even the extended family involving more distant relatives retains vitality. Several investigations in Detroit show that even in the social structure of a large metropolis a massive web of contacts between relatives (outside the immediate family) accounts for most social visiting and is an important basis for mutual aid in good times and bad.

If it is not likely that there will be any further sharp *decline* in family size, neither does the persisting strength of the family require a continuing *increase* in family size. In the first place, our very low death rates make it less necessary than formerly to "insure" a family of given size by having more children than are really wanted. In the second place, while the cultural values we prize in family living may require several children, the satisfaction of these values does not increase indefinitely with the number of children a family has. On the contrary, it is likely that as the number of children increases beyond a moderate few, they are increasingly in competition with other values.

In some respects children are like consumption goods. They yield satisfactions which are consumed rather than investments for the future. Acquiring these satisfactions involves a cash outlay with little prospect of a cash return. Children are wanted for the direct satisfactions they yield rather than for possible indirect values as family workers or as security for the old age of their parents. In economic terms children were once an asset to the family. This is no longer the case. To the individual family they represent a cost rather than an asset. They are desired as part of a style of life which includes a house within a reasonable price range, a complement of home appliances, a car or two, and among other things, enough children to yield the satisfactions and status of parenthood—but not so many as to require serious sacrifices of other parts of the well-rounded American family standard of living. As consumption values, children must compete with other values considered essential for the good life. This competition is likely to set a ceiling on the growth of family size for some time to come.

The calculus of alternatives assumed in this interpretation does not involve a devaluation of the family or children. It simply means that values in family living are considered as part of the larger life plan of each family.

If this interpretation is correct, higher income families can better afford to have larger families with less sacrifice of competing values. This is another support for the view that *traditional fertility differentials will be reversed when effective family planning becomes widely diffused.*

The larger small family we have been describing need not be much larger than the "small" family of the depression years to result in substantial growth of our national population. At the present time if each family had an average of about 2.2 children, this would be enough to sustain a stationary population (compensating for those who die before the end of the child-bearing years, those who never marry, and the marriages broken by death or divorce). The death rate in our country is now so low that the average of three children per family now expected by Americans would if continued indefinitely, result in a rapid growth of population. Mr. P. K. Whelpton in an address to the National Industrial Conference Board estimated roughly that such an average family size would result in the growth of our national population to 220,000,000 by 1975. This estimate falls squarely between a low projection of 207,000,000 and the high projection of 228,000,000 made recently by the United States Census Bureau for the same period. The significance of this projected population increase based on an average of three children is that in a country like ours with very low mortality, rather small differences in average family size may make the difference between a stationary population and a rapidly increasing population.

While Mr. Whelpton's results correspond roughly with those of the Census Bureau, they are based on a different method which recognizes that most families do control family size in relation to specific goals. Essentially, his method is:

1. To consider sequentially each group or cohort of women born in the same year (for example, the 1920 cohort consists of the women born in 1920).

2. From official birth registration statistics, estimates are made of how many children these women have already had.

3. Additional projected births are assigned to each cohort based on an estimate of the number of children the women expect to have when they have completed their child-bearing years, taking into account the number of children they already have. For this purpose, the statements about expected family size obtained in the Growth of American Families Study are used.

In a society like ours the number of births a woman will have depends as much on the number she already has as on her age and the number of years she has been married. This is a basic assumption in such estimates as those made by Whelpton. In an earlier day the children yet to be born to a group of married women was determined mainly by their physiological capacity to bear additional children. In our day it depends more on the total number they want and the number already born.

If this is true, estimates of future population growth depend on reasonably accurate estimates of the total number of children wanted or expected. That is why it is important to know what plans married couples are making for future family growth.

In making population forecasts, it would be naïve to accept at face value the statements that married couples make about the number of children they expect to have in future years. In some cases such expectations refer to future events covering a period as long as 20 years. Many things can happen in 20 years to affect the realization of present expectations about something as complex as building a family.

Some couples will become completely sterile and will be unable to have as many children as they want for physiological reasons. In the 1940 Indianapolis study, 40 per cent of the couples had an impairment to fecundity after ten to twelve years of marriage. While such impairments are very important to the individual couples, their effect in lowering the birth rate is relatively small as compared with the limiting effect of the use of contraception. For the Indianapolis couples it was estimated that sterility and physiological problems reduced the number of their births by 13 to 21 per cent while contraception reduced it by 64 to 72 per cent. The results of current studies may enable us to estimate the effect of fecundity impairments in reducing the birth rate and preventing families from planning effectively to have the number of children they want. It seems unlikely that these limiting effects are much more serious for the national population today than they were in Indianapolis in 1940.

On the other hand, some couples will have more children than they now expect, because they fail to use contraception effectively. Thirty-five per cent of all pregnancies of the Indianapolis couples were "accidents"—that is, they occurred when the couples were using some method to avoid having a conception. This rate of accidental conceptions may seem high. Yet it did not produce a high birth rate, for the average fecund couple in the Indianapolis Study had only two children after ten to twelve years of married life. Perhaps "accidents" are more likely to occur to couples living in a depression period when there is a very strong incentive to try to limit family size. "Accidents" will occur near the margin of any desired family-size range.

Not all "accidental" conceptions increase family size beyond the number wanted or expected. While 35 per cent of the Indianapolis pregnancies were "accidents" only 20 per cent of the couples reported having more pregnancies than they wanted. The explanation is that many couples using contraception to avoid having children at a particular time may be planning a child for a later time, so the child conceived "accidentally" is early rather than unwanted. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true that ineffective family planning increases the birth rate to some extent. To an unknown degree the couples with unwanted accidental conceptions balance the couples who cannot have as many children as they want.

Millions of couples must change their plans for family growth at various times during their child-bearing years. The relationships of husbands and wives to each other, the experience with their first children, their economic and social successes and failures—all these and a multitude of other factors must affect the "ideal" or "right" family for themselves. This does not necessarily mean that as a group they may not approximate in actual births their earlier expectations. For while some couples are changing their plans toward more children, others will be changing toward fewer. What is important is that such changes are probably made with reference to a common standard about what is the respectable range for family size. If the number of children desired by most families falls within the 2- to 4-child range, compensating changes upward and downward under the influence of individual life histories need not affect radically the average size of family.

The idea that human behavior is guided by cultural standards now has fairly wide acceptance. Such standards do not specify expected

behavior precisely. Instead they usually indicate an acceptable range of behavior with a central modal type. Such is probably the case for the values governing the "right" number of children for Americans. At one extreme, the childless couple is the subject of sympathy and concern. The one-child family is regarded as not right psychologically. In the middle range there is probably little difference in the social acceptability of the two, three, or four child family, except among special social groups. As families grow beyond this acceptable range eyebrows are likely to be lifted. The larger families are likely to be the subject of the kind of discussion and humor which signifies the breach of accepted standards.

The existence of a large Catholic minority with special religious values about family growth undoubtedly affects the national birth rate. Catholics express a somewhat higher "ideal" for family size than Protestants in interview surveys. Dudley Kirk has estimated that the actual birth rate for the persons identified as Catholic by the Catholic Church is 20 per cent higher than the national average. The distinctiveness of the Catholic group need not affect the usefulness of the stated plans and expectations of individual families for understanding and predicting population growth. Limiting family size is not contrary to Catholic doctrine, if the means and motives are acceptable. Many Catholics undoubtedly do plan family size—some by means acceptable to the Church, some by other means. The fact that Catholic birth rates are estimated to be only 20 per cent above the national average indicates that there is widespread use among them of some means of limiting family growth.

The distinctiveness of Catholic family growth patterns is only a relative matter. Like other major subgroups in the population, their deviation from the national norm remains within a limited range. All of the major groups in our population appear to share a consensus on relatively small families. Many observers have noted the increasing homogeneity of social values and behavior under the impact of mass communications and an increasingly common educational experience. The ethnic diversities, the rural-urban differences, the differences between economic groups are disappearing in many value areas under the impact of common involvement in a single national urban system. There is every reason to believe that values and behavior in the area of family growth are part of this process.

Predicting man's social history is risky at best. Recent population predictions have not been very successful. Yet certain broad trends in American family growth patterns seem to set limits to the shape of the future. Perhaps the most important fact is that the potentially volatile universal use of family limitation methods makes it probable that social changes will be reflected periodically in changes in the number and spacing of the children born to American families. The larger small family most people want today is large enough to sustain a marked population increase, without a return to the larger family of our grandparents' day. It now seems likely that family size and the birth rate will stay well above the depression low. But that will depend on the individual decisions of millions of American couples who now control the growth of our population because they control their own family growth.

## *The Last Railing*

*By* Robert S. Sward

. . . the balcony was small
and there had never been
nor could be a falling-off;

. . . the close, inner
wrought iron railing
kept the woman defined

. . . upon a ledge;
she placed her face
against no image

not enclosed, and kneeled
within herself, . . . stood
and there was no falling

as she fell, backwards
and away, wrought
and enclosed, within.

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Robert S. Sward, whose "Before Firing" appeared in our fall, 1956 issue, is working toward an M.A. in the Poetry Workshop at the University of Iowa. His verse appears frequently in the poetry journals.

# Higher Education and Earlier Parenthood: A Changing Cycle of Family Life

*By* ELBRIDGE SIBLEY

ALTHOUGH they remain in school longer than their parents, young middle- and upper-class Americans are currently marrying and starting their families at earlier ages. Perhaps reflecting a heightened appreciation of the values of parenthood, the tendency has been fostered by a coincidence of several economic and other social factors. If the tendency persists, the changed life-cycle of the family will affect not only the young parents themselves but also the older and younger generations whose life spans overlap theirs.

We sometimes regard the family cycle as beginning with a marriage and ending with separation of the partners by death or otherwise. In the United States the nuclear family consisting of husband, wife and children, if any, is normally a very autonomous unit. But even here the extended family embracing the couple's parents and other close relatives has by no means lost its significance; and the tendency to earlier parenthood may well enhance the importance of the extended family both in the economic sphere and in the realm of personal relationships. Before the cycle of a nuclear family has run its course, that of the next generation normally begins; if the time interval between the successive cycles is shortened, the amount of interaction between generations in the extended family will increase and its nature may be affected.

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After a look at the present situation and its antecedents, we shall try to envisage some probable consequences.

Until recently, postponement of marriage and parenthood was taken for granted as a result of the lengthened formal education of both sexes. Young men were not expected to marry, much less to become parents, until they achieved economic independence; the average male college graduate was not economically or socially ready for parenthood until a considerably later age than one who went to work upon or before finishing high school. Today a child entering school at the age of six must look forward to between sixteen and twenty years of formal education if he is going to enter one of the professions; and even for those aiming at the less esoteric pursuits of business, a college course becomes more and more nearly indispensable. Adding to this the interlude of military service—within the last fifteen years a normal feature of the American male's life cycle—it would seem only logical that the average age at marriage and first parenthood should continue to rise. Thus the evolutionary trend toward longer and longer infancy which a nineteenth-century scholar deduced from the comparative duration of infancy in "lower" and "higher" species of animals might be expected to go on indefinitely.

Indeed the wide variation of marital institutions and demographic patterns among different peoples might suggest that there is no limit beyond which marriage and child-bearing cannot be deferred. But the extreme rarity of instances of actual race-suicide suggests that the desire for progeny can be suppressed only by an even stronger desire for alternate satisfactions. When a situation develops in which parenthood becomes possible without an intolerable sacrifice of other satisfactions, a resurgence of fertility can be expected. This has recently been happening in the United States.

The average age at which our more highly educated young people become parents has dropped remarkably since 1940. Simultaneously, births per 1,000 in the total population of all ages are at the highest level in a third of a century. But earlier parenthood is not necessarily associated with a continuing high total birthrate, nor with a large average size of family.

One need not be a demographer to gain the impression that there has been an outburst of early marriages and early parenthood in the United States during the past decade. But the best demographers (as

is demonstrated elsewhere in this issue) walk softly when they set out to judge whether we are confronted with a trend that will continue or only a brief war-begotten episode. As an ex-demographer, I propose to venture less cautiously on the thin ice of interpretation and forecasting.

Statistics needed to give a firm foundation for interpretation of recent trends are lacking, for the very reason that the present situation was not anticipated years ago. The available data are only straws in the wind, but at least the straws seem to be blowing fairly consistently in certain directions.

Data for the population as a whole are more plentiful than for the stratum in which we shall be centrally interested, namely those who get a college education and enter the professions and the upper levels of business and industrial hierarchies—the stratum, in other words, that embraces most readers of this *Review*. In 1950 the proportion married among all males under 20 years of age was almost *twice* as large as in 1940; during the same short interval the proportion of married females under 20, already much higher, increased by about one-half. Early childbearing has increased apace. For example, a fourth of all young women who had their twentieth birthdays in 1951 had had at least one child by that time, as compared with only 18 per cent of those who reached the same age only six years earlier in 1945. While the rate of marriage at early ages had been slowly increasing for several previous decades, the proportion of women becoming mothers before 20 years of age began its really striking rise only in the late 1940's. Comparable statistics for young men are lacking, but circumstantial evidence suggests that the percentage of quite young fathers has increased more rapidly than that of young mothers.

Striking as these figures are for the population at large, such data as are available for the higher educational levels and occupational groups indicate far greater changes since 1940. As measured by the average number of children ever borne, the fertility of college-educated urban-dwelling native white women aged 20-24 was about *two and one-half times* as high in 1950 as in 1940; the relative increases were progressively less for lower educational levels, the rate for those with no high school education having risen by less than three-fifths. Likewise, the professional, proprietary-managerial, and clerical occupational groups showed relatively greater increases of fertility at ages below 25 than did the manual working groups.

Perhaps half of this great increase of fertility among young women can be ascribed to higher marriage rates in recent years, the rest to higher birthrates among those who are married. If data referring to the ages of fathers instead of mothers were available, they would doubtless show even more striking increases in the younger age groups; for it is evident that young college-educated women are not only marrying somewhat earlier, but are marrying younger men and having their first children sooner after marriage.

## II

In trying to understand the current situation and to assess the outlook for the future, we need to recall some of the major demographic trends of the twentieth century. During the first four decades the salient features of the population picture were a declining birth rate and a less rapidly declining death rate, seeming to portend that population growth would stop in the not very distant future. Increased life expectancy together with a declining rate—and even declining absolute numbers—of births were tending to make us a nation of old people. In the early years of the century the "unfavorable" differences between birth rates at various social and economic levels, a matter of concern during the nineteenth century, showed no signs of becoming less marked. Eugenists grimly told us that the "cream of the race was committing racial suicide," while *hoi polloi* continued to multiply. Economic depression in the 1930's accelerated the downward trend of the general birthrate and the "dysgenic" differential fertility persisted, although a few hopeful demographers discerned what they interpreted as signs that the gap between the birthrates of the upper and the lower social strata might be about to grow narrower.

The crude birthrate reached its nadir in 1933, but rose only slightly until 1942, when there occurred the unprecedented phenomenon of high fertility in the midst of a great war. Much of the increased fertility of the 1940's can be attributed to the births of children who, but for the economic depression, would have been born some years earlier. To this extent, the rise of the birthrate does not imply a corresponding increase in the average number of children in a completed family.

Concurrently with births to older parents who were making up for the deficit of children incurred during the depression, there came

during the late 1940's a great wave of first births to young parents, further increasing the total birthrate for the time being, but likewise not necessarily foreshadowing a permanently higher birthrate. While a trend toward earlier childbearing is in progress, successive age-groups of parents have their first children at the same time, with the result that more children are born in a given year even though the number of children ultimately produced by any given group of parents remains constant. Once a pattern of earlier parenthood has been established, other things being equal, the birthrate will recede again, for the childbearing phases of successive age groups will no longer overlap.

## III

A complex of economic and social-psychological factors must be unraveled in attempting to account for the recent trend toward earlier parenthood which, as we have noticed, is most pronounced in the very segment of the population that takes longest to achieve economic maturity. Some economic and social-psychological conditions can be assumed to be favorable both to an earlier beginning of child-bearing and to the production of large families, but either of these results can occur with or without the other.

It is a truism that the rich get rich and the poor get children, but ample evidence indicates that within a population group whose desire for progeny is balanced by a strong drive to maintain a certain standard of living, economic deprivation—*pace* Malthus!—leads to a fall instead of a rise of fertility. The simple Malthusian model of an irresponsibly spawning proletariat certainly does not apply to the well educated and normally well to do, witness the vital statistics of the depression years of the 1930's, when the fertility of temporarily impoverished professional and white-collar workers declined sharply. Those were years when early parenthood was largely confined to the two extremes of the economic spectrum, the economically fortunate few and those who were resigned to dependence upon public relief. The self-supporting majority incurred a large deficit of births which it began to repay when employment and income rose again in the following decade.

In contrast to their older relatives, the generation coming of age in the 1940's found less formidable economic obstacles to early pro-

creation. Enlisted men in the armed forces were assured not only of supplementary allowances for their wives and children, but also of free medical care for mothers and infants. During and immediately after the war, more than a million infants, many of them the first-born children of young soldiers and sailors, were delivered at the expense of the federal government. At the same time, young men and women who worked as civilians during the war enjoyed continuous employment at high wages.

A few years earlier, inauguration of the federal social security system had lightened the responsibility of younger members of each family for the support of their retired elder relatives. The greatest effect of compulsory old age insurance would of course be felt at the lower income levels, but there was also a great expansion of non-governmental pension and annuity plans covering even high-salaried professional and executive employees. The net effect, not merely of these specific measures but of the underlying changes which gave rise to them, was to reduce in some measure the younger generation's direct economic burden. Finally, an inventory of economic factors favorable to early parenthood must include both the high postwar employment rate and several kinds of veterans' benefits which awaited men discharged from the armed forces.

The demographic history of the last twenty-five years, with very low birth rates in the 1930's and very high birth rates in the 1940's and early 1950's, lends credence to the idea that a majority of Americans have children when they feel that they can afford them, and vice versa. But this bit of economic history does not explain the paradoxical fact that the tendency toward earlier parenthood has been greatest in certain groups whose economic gains have been relatively less than those of others. Consider for example the comparative real wages of carpenters and of college professors in 1930 and in 1950. Recent economic changes, then, must be regarded as merely removing obstacles to early childbearing rather than providing positive incentives to fertility. The incentives affecting the upper socio-economic strata of the population must be sought elsewhere than in economic changes which have affected the rest of the population to an equal or even greater degree.

Without question, the suddenly forced maturation of the generation of young men inducted into the armed forces during World

War II created the first major crack in the cake of custom which had inhibited early childbearing. Great numbers were severed from their parents before they had completed their schooling, so that the previously normal sequence of their intellectual and social maturation was changed. Returning to civil life after the war, the G.I.'s were not content to accept the traditional immature status of students. They needed further education or vocational training if they were to succeed in the civilian world, but they regarded themselves as mature men in other respects. Rather than choose between going to school and establishing families of their own, they did both at once. Many, of course, had already become parents before they returned to school with financial support from the government. The novel spectacle of large numbers of parents in the student bodies of colleges and professional schools presently ceased to astonish the older generation. For younger students who had not yet been soldiers, their veteran classmates with wives and babies were living models of a way of life from which students had hitherto been debarred by custom and regulations. One after another, colleges repealed ancient statutes against student marriages. Although marriage before graduation from college is still the exception rather than the norm among nonveteran students, the significant fact for the long run may be that the exception is now officially accepted in institutions where a decade ago it had been severely forbidden.

Some fragmentary data warrant the guess that at least two to three per cent and perhaps a substantially larger percentage of the men who married for the first time in 1951-53 were students when they were married. In 1956, the Census Bureau estimated that about four-tenths of all men students of twenty years and older were married and living with their wives, while about three out of ten women students of the same ages were married and living with their husbands. Unfortunately no comparable figures for an earlier year can be found—another instance of the handicaps encountered in attempting to analyze a social change that was not foreseen years in advance.

It is notable, however, that among men aged 20-34 enrolled in school, the proportion married was *two-thirds as great* as among those of the same age not in school; while the percentage of women students married was less than half that of nonstudent women and actually less than that of men students. Several reasons can be assumed for this

contrast: first, that the schooling of many males is interrupted by a tour of military service so that they remain in school at later ages; second, that more men than women pursue postgraduate and professional studies; and third, that many women who marry while they are still in school drop out when they become pregnant.

Before jumping to the conclusion that the mores of the intellectual elite have changed radically we must notice that almost a fifth of the male population aged 20-24 is in school today as compared with only about one-twelfth in 1940, so that the population of the academic campus now more nearly resembles a cross section of the population at large. No longer is it a select handful of dedicated souls for whom the vision of a career outshines all other interests. The dedicated handful is still there, however, and in this changed academic milieu even the young man who aspires to a vocation requiring years of further study is reminded by the actual example of some of his classmates that it is possible to become a parent before finishing one's education.

Just after the close of World War II the president of one of the more conservative men's colleges was moved to remark after greeting one of his students on the campus, "Until lately, I never dreamed that I would someday ask a freshman about his baby in a pleasant tone of voice!" Perhaps if the advent of the G.I.'s to American colleges and vocational schools had not occurred in a period of economic prosperity and had not also coincided, as we have already noticed, with a rush by the next older generation to produce the children they had refrained from having during the depression, the old sanctions against student parenthood might have stood firm; but the fact is that they did not.

## IV

The family that is founded when the father and mother are both still students epitomizes recent social trends. But the great frequency of parenthood immediately after completion of the full-time schooling of one or both partners and before they are economically independent also reflects the view that parenthood is something which can properly be bought on credit, like houses and automobiles.

The folkways, as Sumner said long ago, are *ipso facto* right. Once a group has been allowed by common consent to enjoy a given privilege, the privilege comes to be regarded as a right not only by

the beneficiaries but also by those who were once in a position to grant or withhold the privilege. The same may well prove to be the case with early parenthood, the costs of which cannot be met by the young parents themselves. In the case of young war veterans, the government bore a large share of the costs under the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights; nonveterans will turn to the older generation of their own families for assistance in the form of either gifts or loans, which the latter will feel some obligation to grant. As this demand grows, a demand for increased governmental contributions toward the costs of child-rearing or the costs of higher education, or both, can be anticipated, leading in the long run to still further expansion of the area of public responsibility for the needs of infants and children. The distribution of real income will be skewed, as a larger share is spent at early adult ages. Pending other institutional changes, however, this redistribution will take place mostly within the family. Thus the economic life cycles of both individual and family will be modified.

The pattern of social maturation, as we have observed, has changed: it is not simply that maturity now comes sooner; in fact, there is no single criterion of maturity. Though the law arbitrarily states that maturity with respect to suffrage and property holding shall take place exactly twenty-one years after birth, it recognizes maturity in other respects at different ages, all equally arbitrary. An eighteen-year-old in most jurisdictions is legally just as accountable for his own crimes as an older person; in most states a girl of eighteen, and in many states a boy of that age, is legally free to marry without parental sanction. But in the social stratum with which this essay is concerned, actual achievement of adult status has been customarily delayed well beyond the legally prescribed ages. Young men have been expected to follow a typical progression: first, finish your formal education; second, get a job and achieve at least a minimum degree of economic independence; third, get married; and fourth, after your earnings have reached an acceptable level, produce children if you will. Even young women, on finishing school or college, typically looked forward to some years' employment before motherhood.

In the extreme cases represented by the data we have been discussing, the third and fourth stages of this sequence have preceded the second and have sometimes even come before the first. Some important changes in relationships between the older and younger gen-

erations of the family follow. The new pattern cannot be viewed as an unqualified victory for the younger generation, for the precocious parents—precocious at least by prewar standards—have not yet achieved complete autonomy. Economically, they are likely to have to depend upon assistance from one or both sets of their parents as long as, or even longer than, if they had followed the traditional course of completing their education first.

Assuming that a social change will persist only if the resulting gains in human satisfaction outweigh the costs, what is the outlook for persistence of this new pattern of early parenthood? Against the obvious gain in the reduction of tension caused by prolonged denial of adult status to individuals who are in many respects grown up, we must weigh the economic readjustment necessary to provide for a third generation at an earlier point in the family cycle. Within the family, this will call for immediate expenditure of income that might otherwise have been saved or put to other uses by the older generation. Outside the family it will call for further extension of public subsidy of childbearing and childrearing—whether directly, or indirectly by provision of free services and subsidized higher education, or still more indirectly through some change in the incidence of taxes. The shifting of some of the burden of support of the aged from the shoulders of individuals and families to the community at large has already been mentioned.

A pessimist may ask whether earlier childbearing will not mean larger families and hence lower per capita income, but as already pointed out, this is not a necessary consequence. Whether or not the average completed family will be significantly larger than before remains to be seen.

Whether early paternity and the attendant acceptance of an "unearned" or only partly earned living may reduce motivation to achieve economic independence is a speculative matter, and some of the older generation will doubtless take a gloomy view; but at least the behavior of veterans of the armed services who have married and become parents while they were supported by educational benefits has been reassuring on this score. Indeed, students who face the imminent prospect of having to earn a living for three or more can be expected to choose courses of study that lead to immediate vocational opportunities. Parents who are called upon to contribute to their support

while they are still in school will as a rule share that preference. Increased emphasis on vocational training as against liberal education in college and university seems a likely result.

## V

Another likely consequence of early parenthood will be more subsidy of advanced training by public agencies and by potential employers. Now that specialized postgraduate training has become virtually prerequisite for many professional and technical occupations, the recently graduated parent confronts the alternatives of either revising his vocational aim downward and taking whatever job offers the highest wage to a beginner, or else seeking financial assistance so that he can continue his studies.

Taking earlier parenthood for granted, we can predict that economic inducements will be offered in the hope of relieving the shortage of recruits for those professions in which earnings now start at low levels after long periods of education. Higher entering salary rates and subsidies for vocational training will become increasingly important considerations in vocational choices.

Notably in the engineering fields, where large corporations are sharply competing for scarce recruits, offers of an opportunity to go to school while earning a salary are common. As long as college graduates enjoy a seller's market (as they have in late years) similar practices may very likely spread to other vocations as well.

The academic professions, to cite a very different example, must also compete for talent; but while it is easy enough today for a manufacturer of weapons to offer whatever inducements may be needed to attract young engineers and physicists, it is not easy for a college to add to its "costs of production" the cost of supporting prospective teachers and their wives and children while they complete their professional training. Nevertheless, it has already come to be expected that almost every advanced graduate student preparing to be a teacher will be at least partly supported by fellowships or assistantships. It is unusual to find one who is financed wholly by his parents throughout his years of postgraduate study. The advanced degree is often postponed for many years, and not infrequently given up if the candidate finds it impossible to maintain his family on the stipend of a graduate

student. To an important though not definitely measurable degree, the actual and growing shortage of new college teachers can be attributed to the younger generation's unwillingness to postpone having children.

The President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School has observed that, "As larger proportions of young men and women are encouraged to continue their education, so many more individuals may have to be aided in meeting the costs." But it may be a question of supporting more than just so many more individuals; the total cost of maintaining one more graduate student will often include meeting the needs of an infant and a pregnant wife. As it becomes imperative to recruit more teachers, inducements comparable to those already held forth to young engineers and research scientists will have to be offered.

Just as the granting of "fringe benefits" to one group of laborers has led others to assert their right to similar benefits, so if novices preparing to enter certain professions are enabled to establish families of their own while still in training, other professions will be forced to offer similar inducements if they are to continue to fill their ranks from the limited reservoir of young people of more than average ability.

Such a situation may reinforce the existing tendency to earmark youngsters for particular careers at younger ages, which conversely may reinforce their tendency to marry and establish families early. In this as in other social situations, we see mutual interaction of various factors, rather than one-directional cause-effect relationships. A change in adaptation to an unfilled want can reinforce the want itself; and thus lead to still further change in the same direction.

The economic readjustments that we have just been discussing will—even if they occur—take time. Meanwhile, those of the younger generation who become parents while they are still economically dependent upon subsidies rather than earnings will be achieving only a limited kind of social maturity. Ultimately, perhaps, subsidy of early parenthood may become normal and cease to carry with it any social disabilities.

## VI

What of the psychological consequences? How are relations between the first and second generations in the family affected? Late

adolescence in America has been a period of much stress. The years of enforced social immaturity after physical maturation have been years of tension, during which impatience to become a complete adult has conflicted with temptation to continue to enjoy the irresponsibility of childhood. Our mores have demanded a rather sudden breaking of the silver cord on coming of age. The cord has as a rule been strongest and the rupture most consciously traumatic in those families whose children undergo long years of formal training for their vocations. It might be speciously reasoned that earlier maturation, as signified by earlier marriage and childbearing, would intensify the trauma. But the outlook can be more hopefully viewed.

Once the parenthood of the young couple is a *fait accompli*, their need to assert psychic independence may be reduced, for they have at least tangibly and irrevocably demonstrated that they are adults in a basic sense. Thus they may feel both free and even eager to share their problems with the parents whom they have just promoted to the higher status of grandparents. The drive to rebellion that often finds unconstructive outlets in the case of celibate post-adolescents may subside. After all, parents have many like interests, whether their children are newly born or have children of their own; and a new-fledged grandparent's interest in his grandchild may neutralize his unfavorable reaction to his own child's initial defiance in bringing the third generation into the world so soon. Whether the second-generation couple and their child do or do not live with one or the other set of their parents, the psychic gulf between the nuclear families of the first and second generations will be narrowed. This will represent a reversal of a tendency that has been especially pronounced in early twentieth-century America.

Demographers are not able to determine exactly how large a change in a demographic variable is necessary to produce tangible modifications in other aspects of social behavior, but the observable decline of the average ages at which men and women become grandparents is undoubtedly favorable to the trends in social relations that we have been describing. Lowering by one year the average age of parents at the birth of their first child will, if the change persists long enough, mean a reduction of two years in the age at which one first becomes a grandparent. In other words, we might say that the average grandparent will in the long run grow younger twice as fast as the average parent.

Some very rough computations suggest that since the turn of the century a father's chances of surviving to become a grandfather may have improved by between fifty and a hundred per cent. The improvement in these odds reflects both the lengthening expectation of life and the shortening interval between generations. The latter variable has been undoubtedly the more important in very recent years, particularly in the upper class group we are discussing, though comparative data for upper and lower strata are not available. More significant than the increased probability of merely surviving long enough to see one's first grandchild are the lower average chronological age of grandparents and the longer expectation of further active life after becoming a grandparent.

Stepping outside the realm of pure demography, we notice that the distinctions between young, middle-aged and elderly are not a simple function of chronological age. Quinquegenarians and sexagenarians today try hard and often successfully to appear younger than their parents did at corresponding ages. The traditional austere figures of grandfather and grandmother obsolesce. Grandparents become more numerous in the world, and less different from other people.

Earlier marriage also of course affects relationships between the early-marrying partners themselves. The average husband is older than his wife, but the difference in their ages is relatively small if the husband marries at an early age. Demographic trends point therefore toward a more egalitarian relationship between husbands and wives, not only because they will be more nearly of an age but also because they are more likely to have had approximately equal amounts of formal education at the time of marrying. Against the fear that those who choose their mates early may choose unwisely, it can be hoped that young people of equal age and education will as a rule appraise each other more realistically and will adapt their personalities more flexibly to each other's than those who differ more widely in these respects. Also less frequent should be the mismatings that result from grasping belatedly at what seems to be a last chance for a fertile marriage.

## VII

Considered apart from the immediate circumstances that precipitated it—economic depression, war and postwar economic prosperity—a trend to earlier parenthood in the upper strata of American society can be viewed as a simple reaction by some of the more talented members of the younger generation against the socially imposed prolongation of their immaturity.

To some degree but not indefinitely, their desire for the fulfillment of parenthood could be kept in abeyance by the pressure of institutionalized social demands; in recent years it seems, social institutions have begun to yield perceptibly. Perhaps if social phenomena could be measured more precisely, it might appear that the change began much longer ago than our analysis has indicated. At all events the change has become obvious only quite recently.

On the credit side of the ledger can be set down the definite physiological desirability of early childbearing as far as both mother and child are concerned; the advantage from the infant's and young child's standpoint of having relatively young parents—at least in terms of currently prevailing psychological doctrine; and the potential enrichment of relationships between parents and their married offspring when their ages are not too far apart. On the debit side are some obvious problems of economic readjustment, as well as the possibility of premature preoccupation with the purely utilitarian aspects of education and neglect of its cultural aspect. Perhaps some readers may disagree with this bookkeeping; they may regret the curtailment of the years of youthful irresponsibility, or feel that parenthood was ordained to be a privilege only for the economically self-sufficient and grandparenthood the exclusive right of the elderly. But until we have some measure of the consequences, such sentiments are *de gustibus*—outside the realm of scientific discourse.

# Mobility and the Maverick

*By* EVERETT K. WILSON

CONGRESSMAN WALTER went recently to Camp Kilmer for a first-hand check on the maverick migrants from Hungary. Maverick is the word for the mobile—unbranded cattle, calves of unknown maternity. Are they our kind of people? "These are men and women of the same character and integrity as their and our ancestors who, generation upon generation, have come to America to find peace and work, to build for themselves new homes in freedom." So said the President in commenting on the Refugee Relief Act of 1953. Or do they carry the hidden virus of Communism, as Congressman Walter suspects; and as, *mirabile dictu*, Scott McLeod denies?

The alien has always posed problems. Sometimes they seem insuperable; or so formidable as to outweigh any advantages accruing from immigration. The American Indians, apparently, had little confidence in their ability to assimilate the newcomers from Europe. Nor did the "native" Americans who resisted successive waves of migrants, shifting their animus from one ethnic group to another. (A fine study of this resistance is found in Barbara Solomon's recent book, *Ancestors and Immigrants.*)

Resistance to the migrant is neither new nor distinctively American. Wop or dago, Mick or cross-back, kike or sheeny, Okie, Arkie and briar-hopper all have their parallels among peoples elsewhere. Consider "White Australia" or more precisely, as Warren Thompson suggests, "British Australia." Or the view and treatment of Indians in Durban, South Africa; or Burmese reaction to the Chinese (the "Jews of the Orient"). Such resistance has a venerable history: the Greek view of the barbarian, the English settlement acts of the 1600's aimed at restricting mobility; and the supercilious rejection of western overtures by the Chinese in the nineteenth century.

The intriguing question is: Why? Why, Ralph Linton asks, does the American, reading "the news of the day, imprinted in characters invented by the ancient semites by a process invented in Germany upon a material invented in China . . . thank a Hebrew God in an Indo-European language that he is a one hundred per cent (decimal system invented by the Greeks) American (from Americus Vespucci, Italian geographer)?" Why is the migrant viewed as a maverick? But before attacking this question, let's get a fix on our position—or some conception of our fix. What are the dimensions of migratory movement?

* * *

For despite the common opposition to the migrant, these movers are a hardy and persistent breed. Some moving slowly, peacefully and generally into uninhabited territory have dispersed through time from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Invasion, conquest and colonization have prompted major movements—Mongols and Manchurians, the treks of Boers and Bantus, the peopling of the Mediterranean rim and the Atlantic seaboard. Forced migration drove the Huguenots from France, the Mormons westward, the Nazi victims across the globe. Immigration and internal migration are the contemporary movements with which we're most familiar—peaceful movements, yet not without that pathos possessing "the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home, she stood amid the alien corn." (This is the mood, if not the message, of Harriet Arnow's bitter tale, *The Dollmaker*.)

Yet still they move, with courage and pertinacity. It seems to us a matter for wonder, if not for irritation, that one of our nationals should wish to live elsewhere. In the great cosmic scheme of things, the chances were at least 180 to 1 against our being native white Christian citizens of the United States. But having beaten the odds, it seems quixotic if not perverse that one should wish to change his citizenship. Yet a fair proportion of European nationals would like to do so had they a choice in the matter. In 1948 the Netherlands Institute of Public Opinion made a study of the number of people in several European countries who would like to emigrate, had they a choice. The percentages were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| England . . . . | 42 % |
| Netherlands . . . | 32.5 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Italy | 29 |
| Norway | 28 |
| France | 25 |
| Denmark | 24 |
| Sweden | 13 |

While such responses undoubtedly reflect the worries associated with the current situation at the time of inquiry, a series of studies from 1946 to 1951 reveals a remarkably stable figure representing the per cent of Netherlands nationals who would like to emigrate. It has been quite consistently about one-fourth of the population. The Netherlands is an "emigration-minded country."

But many others are so minded, as some scattered illustrations will suggest. Net emigration from Europe between 1946 and 1952 amounted to about 450,000 persons per year. In 1940, about one out of every twenty Japanese lived beyond the islands. Large numbers of overseas Chinese (who formerly participated actively in Chinese government, despite their distance from home) lived in southeast Asia. Fairly large colonies of Indians have settled in Burma, South Africa, Thailand and elsewhere.

Israel is the dramatic example from the receiving end. (If there was little resistance to the migrant here, it was for the obvious reason that Israel is made up of rejected wanderers.) In 1951 the population was 1.4 million. Between 1919 and 1951 Israel had admitted 1.1 million immigrants, a figure representing about 80 per cent of the 1951 population. At the end of 1951, new immigrants were 43 per cent of the total population of Israel.

In the course of our own immigration history—say 1820 to the present—about 40 million persons have come to the United States; just over a million of them between 1941 and 1950. On the last day of last year the Refugee Relief Act expired under which visas were to have been granted to 209,000 of the 2½ million refugees in Western Europe. Under current executive action we anticipate something on the order of 21,500 immigrants from Hungary.

Readers of this *Review* will be familiar with the general pattern of internal movements in the United States: the rural-urban migration; the movement from the South and Southeast to the North, East and West; the massive movement of Negroes to northern industrial

areas. This movement has probably been promoted in part by military service which, like college and university attendance, often seems to operate as a way-station along the line between farm and factory. Thirty-five per cent of our Korean war veterans were classified, before military service, as "employed in agriculture." In June, 1953, only 5 per cent were in this classification. Similarly, in the thirteen North Central states between 1940 and 1950, "net migration added 199,532 persons to the urban population while it removed 850,957 persons from the rural population." And for the country as a whole between 1940 and 1950, the decline in rural-farm population due to migration was 8.6 millions. This was a loss of about 31 per cent. It occurred during a period when our population increased by about 19 millions.

* * *

Examples of movement could be provided indefinitely. We live in a world of flux, a time of transition; and mobility is a continuing and dramatic symbol of the times. Equally persistent is resistance to the mover. Even in the case of Israel, welcoming a polyglot crew of migrants in enormous numbers, there is a tendency among the Sabara to look with derision upon these nouveaux arrivés. This is the problem: why the almost invariable suspicion, derogation of the mover?

The conventional explanations, as we hear the issue debated in this country, are not very convincing. It is asserted that people who move are the rootless incompetents, unable to make good where their conationals succeed. (So, it has been argued, the courageous and worthy Hungarians did not flee; but remained to resist the Communist threat to their country.) This is countered with the contention that the movers are the adventurous, the daring, those with imagination and initiative. Lacking any measures of these vices and virtues, and with evidence for each side ready at hand, such talk is largely fruitless.

The position once taken by organized labor in the United States is a familiar attempt to explain opposition to migrants. They take jobs, threaten the standard of living of the native American. Warren Thompson has proposed a kind of Gresham's law of population. "Where peoples having different levels of living, based on somewhat

similar processes of making a living [technologies], come into competition on the land, it always seems to work out that those willing to work the hardest, live on the least, and raise the largest families, supplant those whose level of living demands more leisure, more consumption goods, and smaller families." But in the United States, at any rate, it has not been a matter of contact between people with similar technologies. Industrial productivity in this country has always surpassed that of our immigrant sources. (Today, with about 6 per cent of the world's population, we turn out nearly half the world's industrial product.) And this productive efficiency made possible the absorption of immigrants whose standard of living, however it differed initially from ours, soon reflected the same aspirations. The record of immigration and unemployment since 1890 shows that the two vary inversely: immigration is high when unemployment is low, and conversely. So also President Truman's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization found a striking positive relationship between the per cent of foreign born in various regions of the country, and per capita income. Immigrants have been of some economic advantage in filling the ranks of unskilled labor (and perhaps boosting native labor into higher paid occupations). They have contributed to the skilled labor force in certain occupations characteristically unfilled by native labor (e.g., barbers, stone masons). Occasionally they have set up industries employing native labor. Yet despite the tenets of free enterprise which might suggest a free flow of labor in a competitive world market, we have been more disposed to place tariffs on labor than on commodities.

The antipathy for the alien has been "explained" in terms of their queer ways, their criminal proclivities, and their subversive propensities. To this the response is made that such queernesses provide a rich cultural diversity; that first generation immigrants have lower rather than higher crime rates; and that the Americanism of the newcomer, a citizen by choice, is likely to approach chauvinism in its ardor.

And so the interminable argument runs. Whether or not any of these "explanations" is in some measure correct, whether correct as a matter of fact or correct as people distort the fact, they seem to be singularly unenlightening. Let me propose another explanation for the general and recurrent view of the migrant as maverick, the alien as a threat.

I anticipate the conclusion by summarizing the argument. This can be put in the form of five propositions. An ordered articulation of human activities is necessary to sustain the values cherished by any human community. To maintain a given social order, appropriate conduct must be rewarded and deviant conduct punished. The effectiveness of such sanctions is a function of frequency and intimacy of human intercourse. The migrant, by definition, is one with whom we have neither frequent nor intimate contact: and thus he escapes the complex of sanctions which guarantees appropriate conduct. His behavior, unpredictable and beyond control, is a threat to those ordered human relationships which reflect and sustain the central values of the group.

The basic proposition postulates order as the *sine qua non* of the human group. To extrapolate from experimental work with hamsters is always dangerous. But it seems certain that when given stimuli cannot be interpreted as leading to predictable outcome, a state can be induced in the experimental animal comparable to a human psychosis. When one synapse doesn't know what the other is up to, the universe falls apart. Take a more homely example. If to the banal greeting "How are you?" we respond literally with a detailed account of our state of health, we may well jeopardize a beautiful friendship. The importance of guaranteeing ordered relationships has been recognized in every enduring human group. It is not, as the currently fashionable excoriation of conformity would suggest, an American invention of recent vintage. The organization man, like the poor, we have always with us. And however much we may reconsider individualism, there are limits beyond which no group can tolerate behavior eccentric to its norms. The procedures of recruitment, indoctrination and separation are tacit recognitions of this basic requirement of order in every human association. Robert MacIver has put it this way:

> Without law there is no order, and without order men are lost, not knowing where they go, not knowing what they do. A system of ordered relationships is a primary condition of human life at every level. More than anything else it is what society means. Even an outlaw group, a pirate ship, a robber gang, a band of brigands, has its own code of law, without which it could not exist.

But we should not overemphasize law as the principal sanction sustaining ordered human relationships. It is not law which urges the

concert-goer to rise in his place when the orchestra strikes up the first notes of the national anthem. That the sanction is none the weaker we readily recognize as we conjure up the repercussions for the man who remains—or tries to—with posterior fixed to seat. But it would be gratuitous to belabor the point—the subtle, perhaps insidious, ways in which sanctions are applied to reinforce a given order and limit defections: the indoctrination of the relatively impotent child, the pressures of rumor and gossip, the embarrassment we feel at our gaucheries (essentially behavior inappropriate to the situation and thus unpredicted), the ultimate sanctions of ostracism and death. The point is simply this: that order which is the elementary requirement for human life is not automatically given. From Moses and Darius to Emily Post, this order depends upon the presence of effective sanctions, systematically applied.

Now we come to the heart of the matter, the notion that the migrant escapes or avoids those sanctions which maintain the order. There is an element of hit-and-run about the mobile person. Perhaps the figure of the cop in futile pursuit of the fugitive is appropriate. It is easier to sin in flight than standing still—not merely to get away with it, but to overcome the inhibitions of an internalized code. One is more inclined to heave his banana peel out the car window while moving, rapidly, through a distant countryside than in one's own neighborhood. From the time of Sherman's triumphal depredations to the pillaging of troops in World War II we see mobile armies emancipated from the restrictions of a stationary existence. Perhaps it is true that in such instances a vindictive spirit was linked to retributive justice (although I doubt this was so with the average G.I.). But the case is not so different from that of the ordinary transient who has inflicted injury upon those who are unable to retaliate.

Another example comes to mind. Somewhat less than a year after the establishment of a certain military post, rates of illegitimacy in a neighboring town rose sharply. While the ladies might have expected and the authorities might have anticipated such an outcome, the impact on a relatively small community was sudden, sharp and demanded prompt remedy. Now common sense might indicate the simple and obvious solution: placing the town "off limits." But since there is no record of any rule which cannot be circumvented by a determined enlisted man in the pursuit of happiness, this solution was

ineffective. An altogether different proposal was finally accepted. A fair number of girls were recruited to fill clerical positions at the post. Rates of illegitimacy levelled off; and presently declined. To put it coyly, this does not mean that happiness declined. It may mean—and this is my argument—that the influence of subtle sanctions growing out of frequent and intimate contact, transformed exploitive into more responsible—i.e., conforming—behavior. Inter-sex mobility was reduced, intimacy and frequency of contact increased, informal sanctions were effectively if unwittingly applied, and illegitimacy declined.

So much for the first point: a moving target is hard to hit. The second is this: a distant one is hard to hit, too. The details are blurred, the vital spots obscured. It is only when we know a person quite well, his petty prides, his overweening weakness, the values he professes but fails to practice, that we are able to thrust home with telling effect. It is accidental if the stranger rubs us raw. But it is far from accidental with his intimates who can point unerringly to each man's Achilles' heel. Mobility dulls the weapons of control, the effectiveness of sanctions. Ignorance of the other means we do not know how best to wound. Nor, for that matter, how we may best induce, persuade, cajole, reward. The case is quite otherwise with those we know intimately and deal with frequently.

Thus in a basic sense the central characteristics of community provide the mechanisms of constraint. Insofar as we can communicate with others, insofar as we share things in common, self and other merge. This psychic permeability is the essence of community. If the other's conduct is understandable, it is because and to the extent that it reflects our own experiences, capacities, and inclinations. So to fail to meet others' expectations of us is to fail to meet our own requirements of ourselves. To understand that others do expect thus-and-so is to see such expectations from a point of view which is in some measure ours. (Upon this circumstance rests the only chance of resolving differences.) Hence deviation becomes uncomfortable directly to ourselves. This is the recrimination of conscience.

But neither retaliation nor self-recrimination can be effective sanctions for the person who moves. Retaliation doesn't work if the migrant outdistances the cops. But more significantly, the internal controls of self-recrimination are ineffective if there is no community of values to which all subscribe.

I've been suggesting that the migrant is a deviant. But the social and psychological aspects of mobility become clearer if we reverse the proposition: the deviant is a migrant. The deviant is precisely the person whose conduct does not reflect commitment to the group's canons of propriety and rectitude. In this sense he belongs elsewhere. Indeed, this is exactly the way offended natives respond: "Why don't they go back where they belong?" Thus it is altogether possible to be firmly rooted in space, yet emphatically mobile. Who is more mobile than the actor travelling from role to role, emancipated from philistine prescriptions? And who more derogated in respectable society than this same bohemian?

Especially in our present-day world the rootless and the mobile are such role-to-role travellers. It is reflected in multiple group memberships which reduce frequency and intimacy of contact. To continue our figure, you can't hit more than one differently located target at a time. (And if you don't know where the others are located, you'll never even draw a bead on them.) Let us contrast two patterns of group membership as representing the mobile and the rooted. There is the person who is bound to the *same* others by familiar, religious, recreational, economic, political ties. Thus he is linked repeatedly to the same person, but in differing contexts. His circle of interaction is limited. His relationships are repetitive. This is the situation we may see in some small communities: every citizen a Pooh-bah—a variety of hats, but under each a quite familiar face. This is the provincial, the immobile, the rooted. We may find it in isolated population pockets, especially where low literacy and simple technology reinforce physical isolation. (But it should be emphasized that such immobility is not necessarily related to physical isolation. For mobility, if it is as I've suggested a social and psychological fact, is to be understood in social and psychological terms. Physical movement *may*, then, be a condition; but never the core element in understanding mobility. Thus the physically fixed schoolboy may be more mobile than the hobo. Physical isolation, given our means of communication, need not restrict intercourse or limit contact.) Such a pattern of repetitive relationships may be found in a utopian group, a self-acknowledged circle of arbiters of taste—any tight little knot of the elect, as well as in the physically isolated group of rustics. The relevant point here is that under these conditions the vulnerability of each to sanctions applied

by others is mightily increased. To offend in situation A invites retaliation not only *in situ*, but in B, C, D and E.

Contrast this situation with that in which a member of five groups associates in each with altogether different people. Thus he is united with any other by just a single bond. This brings us closer, I think, to the real meaning of mobility. The single-bonded person is liberated from exclusive allegiance to any one of his relationships. He has multiple exposures. Clearly all of his relationships will not be of equal significance to him; or of equal significance in controlling his conduct. But the point is that the intensity of the relationship, especially its coercive character, is greatly diminished in the case of the single-bonded relationship. In the former case, Jones' relationship to Smith is quintrupled if both belong to the same five organizations. In the latter case, Jones has a specific relationship with Smith in *one* of the five groups; and with a *different other* in each of the remaining four. In this lies a significant aspect of mobility.

Thus reducing the number of situations in which two persons deal with one another limits the points at which conformity-inducing sanctions can be applied. But beyond this, it involves typically a more fragmentary relationship. For two people unknown to each other outside a given situation, the single-bonded relationship is likely to imply well-defined and limited roles beyond which there are neither rights nor obligations. And so again, the narrow specificity of such a relationship reduces the leverage which can be applied to the role-hopping transient.

This restriction of frequency and intimacy of contact characteristic of the single-bonded relationships in our intricately differentiated society leads to another feature promoting rejection of the mobile. The view of another which is partial and rigid we call a stereotype. From the rich diversity of attributes which make a man, it seizes upon one, or a few, and identifies the part as the whole. Just as a distant physical object must be incompletely and incorrectly described, so a distant social object is subject to partial and erroneous stereotypes. Indeed the social distance entailed by mobility tends to transmute a social object into a physical object. This not only means that the alien, the migrant is viewed incorrectly; but that he is often seen as intransigent, scarcely assimilable. And so it is supposed that those sanctions promoting order in the community must necessarily prove ineffective.

One final suggestion as to the source of the migrant's intractability—a reason for the peculiar difficulty in bringing him into line. It is hard to apply sanctions effectively to a person of unequal status while retaining him as a member of the group. Note, first of all, that the migrant is generally *not* of equal status with members of the group he joins. The newcomer is always at a disadvantage. He is in a way a suppliant, subordinate, lesser in knowledge, in power and prestige. He may resign himself to the necessities of an unfamiliar situation; but full assimilation as a member of the new group requires more than grudging accommodation. He must accept within himself the goals and means of new associates. But because of his subordinate position, commandment rather than persuasion is the way of gaining conformity. Persuasion—much the more coercive—is the way of peers; commandment is the way of governors.

Sanctions, then, can be more effectively applied between persons of equal status. It is true that the person of higher status may level sanctions against his inferior. But the heaviest sanction, e.g. the discharge of an employee, breaks the relationship altogether. Thus the more powerful person completely loses control over the other. A threat to his power also lies in the inferior's choice of resignation or, in business and industry, the possibility of mitigating the penalty through reparations exacted under some pretext from management by the union; or through retaliatory techniques like feather-bedding or soldiering on the job. Furthermore, in the mass society, the imposition of sanctions is likely to be by remote control and exceedingly impersonal. Hence rather than being an effective sanction, a penalty may be regarded like rain on the day of a picnic—as an act of God.

But under conditions of equal status contact, those sanctions which impose conformity can be effectively applied. Where one is no "better" than the other it is likely to be because the other is dealt with as a person, judged not in terms of technical efficiency but in terms of motives or intent, kindnesses or helpfulness. The effective sanctions are approval and dislike. This implies repeated contacts, conceivably in a broad range of situations. And thus again, at many points in time, in many situations, and with respect to many aspects of his personality, one is vulnerable to the sanctions which may be applied by others.

But such frequency and intimacy of contact among peers is precisely what the migrant lacks. Hence the effective sanctions levelled by one's peers are lacking.

* * *

These vagrant notions, then, amount to this. Mobility is by its nature fundamentally disruptive. Barring complete cultural identity, the natures of both host and migrant are such that sanctions inducing appropriate behavior are fairly ineffective. The migrant is a maverick. The social-psychological meaning of ancestry lies in the predictability of conduct. The social-psychological meaning of "acceptable" lies in the control of conduct. The migrant is unacceptable not because his behavior is queer; but because his host is impotent. Almost paradoxically, the migrant is the stronger; his host the weaker. The latter lacks the leverage of peer influence. The stereotyping of a distant social object makes for error; and a conviction (self-fulfilling?) of the migrant's resistance to assimilation. A moving target as he is, the migrant avoids that effective coercion applied to those whose relationships with others are repetitive.

This is the sense in which the migrant is a maverick. I do not mean to suggest that this is bad. There are times when the heat generated by friction is a useful by-product. Mobility may create problems; but this is what begets thought and emotion and sets us seeking for solutions. If problem-solving is the highest task of Homo Sapiens, this is not such a bad outcome.

A STORY

# A Cow on the Roof

*By* WILMA SHORE

IDA BROOKER went slipping and stumbling down the driveway in the dark, gasping a little, like a child trying not to cry. She was wearing her good coat and her black hat and she carried a suitcase and a roast chicken, still warm, wrapped in a linen napkin like a baby in a blanket. She was leaving her husband.

The suitcase banged against her legs, but she couldn't slow down; she could hardly stop at the road. There was nothing to worry about, Harry would be over at the hotel another hour anyway, gabbing with the manager; but that was the way she felt, like going right on to Los Angeles on foot, sixty miles across the desert, through the hills; not staying here another second, not taking another breath of this air. ("Like wine," Harry always said; "a person could become intoxicated from just breathing. . . .") She set down the suitcase under the big red neon sign that said OASIS MOTOR LODGE—VACANCY, laid the chicken on a rock, but she couldn't stand still; she began to walk up and down, tucking in her hair so the bus driver wouldn't say, there was old Brooker's wife, standing in the road like a crazy woman . . . and then they would make a joke of it, over at the hotel; Harry Brooker's doing so bad at the Oasis, even his *wife* won't stay there.

The bus was late. She turned to look for the headlights, but there was nothing to see, nothing to hear but the neon hissing overhead. The sign spread a dim pinkish light across the road; beyond that was only darkness, the desert. And beyond *that* . . . but that was too far to think. A dollar eighty for the bus fare, she thought; we get in around ten. I'll call Joanne from the terminal. She'll say, Why *Mama*

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. . . ! I won't say a word, she thought; I'll just hand her the chicken, then I'll make up the cot in the baby's room and go to bed. . . .

Over toward town a little light flashed on and off; she tucked the chicken under her arm. Wouldn't it look peculiar, getting on the bus with a chicken, wrapped in a napkin? But when she left the note for Harry on the table, there it lay, almost a whole chicken, that she had singed and cleaned and stuffed. . . . She leaned over and dropped it behind the rock, for some little animal to find; a coyote, maybe. She hated the coyotes, howling all night in the hills, as if they had something to complain about, and all the time they *belonged* on the desert, they were born here, it was their home. . . . But never mind, if a coyote came it would make him a nice dinner, a surprise from her. . . .

Wasn't it strange, to leave your husband after twenty-seven years, and all you thought about was whether to take a roast chicken in the bus?

The headlights shone out again at the crossroads. But the napkin was pure linen, and she had hemmed it herself. She could stuff it into her bag. Only what was the use of worrying about a napkin, a chicken, when she was leaving all the other napkins, all the tablecloths, the bedspreads? How could she ever take all the things she had made, or mended, or washed? She would need a truck; she would have to take the whole house. And all twelve cabins, that she had cleaned day after day for five years, for other people to enjoy. To rest in. Wasn't it ironic? Other people came *here* when they were worn out; she went away. From the place he always called An Oasis for the Weary. "Mark my words!" he had told her in his deepest voice, pointing upward as though warning God to be sure and listen, "We'll have a *perpetual holiday!* In a natural wonderland, as if created *expressly* for the rejuvenation and revivification of mankind. . . ."

The pink light of the sign began to dance and wave, and she knew she was crying; crying with anger. The headlights came jolting over the bridge and stopped, the bus door sighed open. The driver leaned toward her. "Help you with your bag, Mrs. Brooker?"

She clasped her hands very tight. "No," she said.

He was staring; the passengers were staring. She stepped back. "Tomorrow," she said. "I'm sorry, I just . . . tomorrow."

When the tail lights winked off behind the bend she took the suitcase and started up the hill. There was the house, the little white sign, OFFICE, the big picture window staring out over the desert as if in search of guests; and beyond it the twelve little porch lights, Harry turned them on at sunset, you would think all the cabins were taken, not just five. . . . After a few steps she remembered the chicken and went back for it. It lay there on the ground like a foundling. She was panting a little; not from the climb, but from excitement. It was almost like a story; like one of the funny stories he used to tell, years ago when they had company for dinner. *There was this fellow ran a motel, out in the desert. And one fine day his wife makes up her mind to leave him. Only she thinks, all these years I've cleaned the cabins, why not enjoy them for once? Why not have a day of rest before I go, at his expense? So, unbeknownst to him. . . .*

She glanced at the empty house as she passed. Oh, Harry Brooker, she thought, for twenty-seven years you were the comic in the family; but tonight the joke is on you.

* * *

Even before she woke she had the sense of something wrong, terribly wrong; and when she opened her eyes the window was on the wrong side, the blanket was wrong, green instead of blue, the drapes were green. . . . Then everything seemed to settle into place; she had left Harry, she was in cabin twelve, the farthest up the hill, she had spent the night there. . . .

She lay and listened to her heart beat. Why, I must have been out of my mind, she thought; demented, crazy; what have I done? My whole life I never did a crazy thing, and now . . . when he finds out, she thought; oh, when he finds out. . . .

And then she heard his footsteps, coming up the hill. She ran into the bathroom, locked the door and leaned against it, wishing she was dead; I lived long enough, she thought; I got married and raised two children and had a grandchild, that's enough; if she was dead she wouldn't mind if he came in, she wouldn't see his face, wouldn't hear what he said. . . .

He was walking across the porch. There was a little click; he had turned off the porch light. She held her breath as if she would never

be able to take another; but then the footsteps turned away. She let her breath go. He was right outside, she thought, and he didn't even know I was here. And suddenly she wasn't frightened; not at all.

It was like a sound that you hear only after it has stopped. So I must have been afraid of him all along, she thought. All these years. Why? What could he have said? What could he have done?

She came out of the bathroom and went back to bed. The footsteps got fainter and fainter until she couldn't hear them any more.

* * *

Outside the world went on without her; cars drove through, guests called to each other, a radio told the news. She lay and looked at the ceiling. It was pale green from the light filtering through the green drapes; like under the sea. Wasn't it strange; she knew this cabin inside out, the grain of the wood on the dresser, the cracked tile down behind the sink; yet she had never looked at the ceiling. A fly went buzzing around in big uneven circles. I left my husband, she thought. I'm not married any more. . . .

When she got hungry she had breakfast in the kitchenette. Cold chicken and a cup of hot water was a funny breakfast, wasn't it? But it was just what she wanted. She drank the hot water in little sips, thinking, I walked out, I left my husband. . . . Because it was so unexpected, not something she had thought about and planned; it just happened, without preparation, without reason. How was last night different from any other night for the past five years? He *never* said, what a good dinner, what a delicious chicken, thank you; he *always* got up from the table to look out the window and make sure the sign was lit. But last night when he came back and sat down the second time, without a word, without a look, like a man at a lunch counter, it was like someone else deciding; as if a voice spoke inside her. Enough, said the voice; it's enough, Ida. And then she just sat there pushing the food around on her plate until he put on his coat and went over to the hotel, the way he did every night; for a paper, he always said; when she heard the car go sliding down the driveway she ran inside to pack. . . .

After breakfast she took a shower; a nice, long shower, the first in years without one ear open for cars driving up, or the phone, or a

knock at the door. . . . She was forty-eight; wasn't she entitled to a quiet shower? At her age other women were settling down, to rest a little, to do the things they had put off while the children were growing up; try a new cake recipe, crochet a tablecloth, have a game of bridge in the afternoon. . . .

She used all three of the little soaps, and both bath towels. Standing at the back window drying her hair she could look out at the hillside and see every rock, every yucca blossom, every spine on the cactus; it was like seeing someone's face very close. She had never really looked at it before; what she liked was a little backyard with a picket fence, a nice green lawn, a tree with real leaves. . . . But it was interesting. And the sage smelled good; for the first time.

She dressed slowly and carefully in front of the mirror; then she sat in the armchair and listened to his footsteps; back and forth, up and down. Cleaning the cabins, answering the phone, counting the sheets. It was like the story she used to read to the kids, the husband and wife exchanged jobs; she went away and he stayed home and took care of the house, the baby, made the porridge. The cow was on the roof. . . . Why? Why should there be a cow on the roof?

She got up and parted the drapes just a tiny bit, with her finger. She would never have another chance to watch him do her work; how could she pass it up? It was strange, seeing him like that, like a little peep-show between the drapes; he looked the same, a heavy-set, middle-aged man, his head a little bald, a little sunk between his shoulders; still there was something strange. . . .

He went into a cabin, the door slammed behind him. After a while he came out and carried the waste basket down to the incinerator. He just looked different; smaller, somehow. Maybe because I'm not afraid of him any more, she thought. Later he took down the old linen and brought back the fresh. Why am I standing here? she thought, this is my day of rest! But something made her wait till he came out again, with the mops and the bucket. He's tired already, she thought. All those extra trips; he doesn't know how to use his head to save his feet. He walked slowly; the heads of the mops dangled listlessly over his shoulder like the heads of tired children.

She let the drapes fall closed and sat down at the desk. A perpetual holiday, in a natural wonderland. . . . It's your holiday now, Harry, she thought; with my compliments. The desk drawer held a postcard

with a picture of the lodge. An Oasis For The Weary, it said. She dipped the pen in the ink. I'm having a real vacation, she wrote quickly; the weather is wonderful. I feel fine, getting a real rest; and she signed it Love, Ida . . . but there was no one to address it to; she tore it up and dropped the pieces into the wastebasket. Maybe when he cleaned the cabin he would find them; if he sat down and fitted them together he would know she had been there. But that was crazy, Harry would never have the patience, or the curiosity, and anyhow by the time he got around to showing this cabin and found the bed slept in, the towels used, he would have a cleaning woman, someone from the town; he would pay her a dollar an hour and she would only clean on top; three months and the place would be run down, neglected. . . .

She went back to the window. He was inside somewhere, all she could see was the driveway baking in the sun, the nasturtiums wilting among the rocks and a crumpled cigarette pack lying on the gravel. Already the place was deteriorating; in one day, less than a day. . . .

Why doesn't he come out? she thought. What could he be doing all this time? She wanted to see him again, that was all, to watch him while he thought she was sixty miles away. "I am going to Joanne's," she had said in her note. "I am leaving." Did he wonder why? Did he think, maybe it was his fault? No, not Harry; Harry could never say, I was wrong. Some day, somewhere, she would tell him why; not just that he didn't thank her for making a chicken, or that he got up from the table, but that she was forty-eight years old and she was tired, tired of the sun and the silence and the coyotes howling; tired of cleaning after strangers. . . . And then she would say, remember when you thought I was gone, you thought I was at Joanne's? Well, I was at the lodge, all day, watching every move you made.

The door of cabin five opened and he brought out the bundle of used linen, holding it awkwardly in front of him. I saw you come out of five, she would say, with the sheets trailing on the ground. Remember? He set down the bundle and went back for the wastebasket. You tried to carry the linen and the wastebasket together like I always did, she would say, only you didn't have the knack and the basket spilled and it was full of orange peels. And I *laughed!* she would say. Oh, how I laughed. . . .

He was leaning over, picking up the orange peels and the papers and she thought, how can I wait to tell him, to see his face? The wish began growing inside her, burning in her chest. Why not? she thought; what can he do, with the place full of guests? What can he say? She ran to the door and stepped out on the porch, stepped outside and let the door slam behind her.

He straightened slowly and stood there looking at her. His face made her think of the time some man dented a fender on the new Buick and drove off before they could get his license. Then his eyes moved away; to the side, to the ground. There was one last piece of orange peel next to his foot. He picked it up and went on down the hill.

* * *

She had the strangest feeling; almost like disappointment. But this is perfect! she thought. Now I can enjoy the sun. That was what they all came for, wasn't it, the sun? She felt behind her for the canvas chair and sat down, leaning back, like the guests. The sun was very hot, very bright. With her eyes half closed she could see the heat dancing on the driveway, quivering over the car in front of the next cabin. A man in a light suit was dusting it, very delicately; before he reached across the hood he opened his jacket so the buttons wouldn't scratch the finish. A lizard lay asleep on a rock, motionless, like a paperweight; down on the road a car went by, and beyond the road the willows and the cottonwoods leaned over the river bed, as though pretending the river was still there. "A rushing stream!" he had told her. "At your very doorstep!" But that was early spring, two months later there was nothing left but rocks and dried branches, white and twisted like bones.

That was why he was such a crackerjack salesman; he would promise you anything, the sun in a basket, the moon on a string. Before they were married it was a mansion with Oriental rugs, a chauffeur-driven car, travel, the seven wonders of the world; later when they moved down South it was position, they would be big frogs in a little puddle. . . . All those promises had dried up and disappeared too, like the river; but it never really mattered, she never wanted Oriental rugs, she never wanted to be a big frog, all she ever

wanted was her own little house where they could have their friends in for dinner, their children over on Sunday. . . . Like he promised her when he bought the lodge: "A home, a real home, with all modern appliances, picture window, ten foot table. . . ." That was the terrible thing about the lodge, for the first time he had promised her something she wanted. And then it turned out that the table was for guests to register on, the picture window was only to watch the cars go by, to look out at night and make sure the sign was lit; it wasn't a home at all, it was an office. . . .

There was a banging and clattering; she opened her eyes and leaned forward. Harry was pushing the folding bed out of cabin two. He lifted it off the porch onto the driveway and began wheeling it up to the tool shed. You, Harry Brooker, she thought, with all your promises, this is something you never promised me; to be sitting watching you work! Maybe you were the comic in the family, but who has the last laugh now? The trouble was, she wasn't laughing. The metal bed came jolting slowly uphill, flaming silver in the sun, and above it his face, dark with the heat and the effort, and she couldn't laugh; she felt more like crying, not because she was sorry for him but because she was sorry for herself, it was her last, only chance, her only joke, and she couldn't laugh. Oh, it was hard, pushing a heavy bed in the hot sun, a man his age, but she didn't tell him to do it, she didn't tell him to come here in the first place, to go and sink all his savings in some crazy proposition out in the middle of nowhere; he chose it for himself. And for her; he chose it for her too. . . .

And suddenly it was all clear, why she had left him; not for the dried-up promises, not for what her life had become, the work, the strangers, the heat; but because he had chosen it for her; the way he had always chosen for her, chosen first and told her afterward; we're moving South, we're moving North, we're going into the motel business. . . . Never asked, never let it be her choice too. . . .

She watched him come closer; behind the bed his face shone with sweat, she could see his head gleaming on top, his hair lank and dark on the sides. Now it was clear in her mind, now she was ready to tell him; but as he was passing the next cabin the man in the light suit shook out his dust cloth. "Say," he said, in a big, mealy voice, "What did you say the rate on this cabin was?"

Harry stopped and leaned against the folding bed. "Eight dollars," he said. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face and the top of his head. "It's one of the most desirable, highest, best view."

"That's a very hard bed," said the man. "We didn't rest very well last night."

This was the place to say how good the beds were, box springs and innerspring mattresses; or for some kind of joke, Harry always knew how to jolly the guests along. But he only stood and folded his handkerchief. "Sorry to hear that."

The man stroked his fender. "We might move on tonight. Of course, we *had* planned to stay through the week. . . ."

Harry put away his handkerchief without answering, as if he hadn't heard. "Folks lay out eight dollars, they expect a good night's rest," said the man. "And moreover, if we stay four, five days, seems to me we deserve a little reduction. . . ."

She found she was gripping the arms of the chair; she lifted her hands and folded them loosely in her lap. That's the motel business, she thought; I didn't make him get into it, he chose it himself.

"H'm?" said the man. He *chose* it, she thought; but again it was like the voice speaking inside her. Did he? it said.

Harry stared at the man's knees. "Seven dollars seem fair to you?" And the voice said, did he choose to stand here in the hot sun and let some cheapskate chisel a dollar off the rate? Did he choose to sweat and worry, with VACANCY always lit on the sign, only five occupancies at the height of the season, and jokes about him at the hotel?

"Well, fine," said the man. Did he *choose* to be too nervous to sit still and eat his dinner? "We didn't so much *want* to move, it was only that *eight dollars. . . .*"

"That's crazy, Harry!" she said. "It's worth eight. You know it and he knows it!"

They seemed to move together as they turned to stare at her, like children interrupted at play. The man's mouth was still open. Then Harry leaned toward her over the top of the bed. "Why don't you go back inside and mind your own business?" he said.

She was holding the chair ag in. She stood up to go into the cabin; but when she touched the doorknob she stopped and turned back.

"Where do you think you're going?" he said thickly.

"You can't tell me where to go," she said. "I go where I choose."

They were staring, she could feel their eyes on her as she went down the hill.

* * *

The note was still lying on the table among last night's dishes. She crumpled it and threw it away. Then she took the dishes into the kitchen and turned on the hot water. She didn't understand the way she felt, what it was she wanted, until she heard his footsteps; then she knew; now he could thank her, now she had chosen, after all these years.

She faced him as he came in; but he went right past her to the sink and turned off the hot water, turned on the cold, took a glass from the drainboard and filled it. She could hear him swallow. No, of course not, she thought bitterly; not Harry, the man that can't say thank you. And she thought, I'm back where I started. But this time I chose it, she thought. "You giving it to him for seven?" she said.

He turned and stared at her impassively. "Why not? Seven's adequate." That was Harry, the man that couldn't say, I was wrong. Don't say it, she thought, what do I care? And she turned the hot water on again and reached for the soap.

So it was as if nothing had happened, the whole thing had never happened at all; but as he passed her they touched, somehow. And suddenly they were together, his arms around her and his face wet against hers, with a moisture that she knew was not sweat but tears; although she did not know whose; nor did it matter.

# P P P Incorporated

*By* JAMES T. FARRELL

I AM CONVINCED that most Americans today do not understand the 1920's. In the movies and also in books, views and images of the '20's are more than distorted, melodramatized and sentimentalized: there is a developing mythology. This is as true of sensitive, culturally and honestly sophisticated literary critics and editors who prefer Henry James to Sinclair Lewis as it is of Hollywood merchants of melodrama. You may admire Henry James or attack him but it remains that any person who is deeply experienced in literature, either as a creative writer or a serious critic, must in all honesty recognize that James was a man of great artistic gifts, and that he possessed an insight into some of the subtleties of this mysterious adventure that is the experiment in living which all of us, of the still quick, now share. According to his lights and his values, he was a dedicated artist, even though something of a straight-laced man and even a snob. Suffice it that James had great gifts, and he was true to himself in his work. That is more than sufficient unto an artist. We need like neither the content of his work, the values central in it nor his temperament; but if dislike leads us to run down or derogate his extraordinary gifts, to scoff at his dedication or to jeer at his virtues, then we are blind.

I mention James because on the other side of the coin, contemporary regenerators of James often miss the importance of the contribution of Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken, men who were among the most influential literary figures of the '20's. In adroitness, artistry, a sense of that difficult

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Novelist JAMES FARRELL returned last year from an extended trip which took him to Israel, India, Pakistan, Indonesia and other Asian countries. At present he is working on two books dealing with professional baseball; he has also just begun a weekly syndicated newspaper feature of editorial comment, his first column appearing in the Buffalo *Evening News* early in March.

and probably indefinable capacity called form, it would be irrelevant to compare Lewis and James. Nonetheless, men like Lionel Trilling and others miss important meanings in writers of the '20's, and even in Parrington. When Trilling writes of Parrington, he is as biased as those who have been either blind or prejudiced about Henry James. His views in *The Liberal Imagination* are misleading and exhibit a sudden and surprising literal-mindedness which does not befit him. This point is especially relevant here because Trilling concerns himself, and seriously, with that vague area called values.

The serious, the sophisticated, those who have literary cultivation, miss something which was most significant about the 1920's. What they see too falsely or else omit in their backward-looking interpretations is the central problem of values in the setting of the 1920's. And it is more important to speak of contemporary blind spots concerning the '20's than to analyze or refute them or try to blow up cruder misinterpretations of those years, because in that decade some American writers wielded a power in the land which no writer today possesses. They were voices, rousing the best of a generation, driving many members of the plutocracy and the Babbittry on the defensive, morally and psychologically; they posed the problems of values, even where values were sunk out of sight in manners. This was the way in which "the liberal imagination" was expressed, even in the work of a man like Mencken, who was not a liberal.

Morally and psychologically, the '20's was an era of individual personal revolution. The implied or stated criticisms and revelations of values in that decade cast a harder and more glaring white light on defects, misdirections and fattening trends in America than did the great majority of shrill yells of the so-called Marxist and proletarian writers of the '30's. Sometimes this was achieved with a great sense of fun. Apparently, one needs to have lived, learned and been formed in those years truly to enjoy the release of a belly laugh at the boobery. The influential literary men of the '20's did not flatter the people by looking on them as "the resurgent masses." They were neither tied nor driven into the counterfeit world of false culture by economic necessity and the possible need of survival. And in emotion, many of the best of the younger generation of those years were with them. Sometimes with gay laughter, the men of the 1920's knifed a prevailing fakery or a vulgarity of those socially arrogant and morally timid parvenus who

almost turned Jesus Christ Himself into a salesman with a $5,000-a-year income. The Reverend Billy Sunday was so ludicrous that in your scorn of him, you almost had affection for the man. Buncombe was gaudy. But it was buncombe. And the influential men of the time often dealt with values by satirizing buncombe.

Today there are many resemblances to the '20's. But the differences outweigh the parallels: rather I might say that the '50's are to the '20's as a father is to a son or an uncle to a nephew. What was fought then has survived to win at least a temporary victory today. After the '20's, the Depression, the New Deal, the C.I.O., and the literary men of the period left their indelible mark on America. The moral and physical courage of many writers, New Dealers, union leaders and working men has not been all in vain. Yet it has not succeeded in sufficiently reforming the adversary so the latter would not develop fatty tissues around the moral, intellectual and creative heart of our America. We have been left a legacy of greater honesty and frankness, and among some, even of taste. An orientation towards the world has been implanted so that America can no longer be so fully a parochial continent; America can no longer easily regard Europe as a rat hole of kings, Asia as a continent of tigers, maharajahs and servants, the Arab world as filled with sheikhs like the silent movie hero, Valentino, and Africa as the home of cannibals. The '20's helped to produce more openness in academic life, and it gave sociology a jolt in the arm. It prepared the ground for lasting New Deal reforms. But the revolt of the '20's did not change the heart of its adversary.

Afterwards buncombe lost some of its market value for about two decades. But now that value is higher than ever. The real market value of buncombe today is fabulous as compared to what it was in the '20's. And buncombe itself is different. In those years of our militant youth, buncombe was gaudy, preposterous, and the buncombe artists were dramatic in their way. Today buncombe is sanctimonious, respectable, dull.

There are differences in the world situation. The war danger is terribly real. While the difference here is significant and qualitative, there was, in the '20's, a war danger also. Americans were blinder to it because the world, the tragedy of history, the evil in the world was not as publicly recognizable as it is now. History has, let us say, thrust its tragedy into our consciousness. The outcome of war,

the gains of labor, the fruits of technology, and other factors have evolved so that America now is faced with the inconvenience of playing the role of world leader. "America," as a visiting European journalist put it, "is the giant that does not know its own strength." It is a Samson without real purpose, a Samson with an Achilles' heel. Never in history was a nation as rich and as powerful as America at the end of the last war: but also never in history was a nation as unprepared to play its historic role. Then and now, there was posed for America the question—to learn or to perish. And it is a fair and arguable question, a proposition within the category of proper investigation and debate, to assert that America is not learning sufficiently. There is much evidence in more than ten postwar years to support this assertion.

There are certain reasons for this situation. One is business. Karl Marx is out-of-date and history has not followed the expected paths of his eschatology. Few Americans know why this seems true because they have never read him. They attack him as a devil without knowing what they are talking about. But Marx had insights. One of them was the passing observation, expressed in *Capital*, that capitalism lives only for the moment. In an economy such as ours, this is dramatically the case. American prosperity depends on volume and turnover. I understand that the rule of net profit for supermarket chains is around one per cent or less. This fact speaks volumes. It requires good will on a vast scale. In addition, in American business there is an intense competition between trade brands. As Lewis Atherton points out in his interesting and very factual study, *Main Street and the Middle Border*, one of the causes for a change in the economy, and hence in the life of small towns in America, was the battle of the trade brands. This struggle has been waged all during the twentieth century. Today, as compared with 1905 or 1919, it is colossal in its proportions. It is influencing our culture profoundly and may even become a major motivating cause for a decline in popular ideas, in the humanities and the creative realms of our culture. The battle of the trade brands suggests the growing need of big corporations, especially in the consumer field, of winning and holding good will. It is understandable why advertising agencies and sponsors are so worried about controversy on television. The difference between brands of flip-top boxes of cigarettes is insignificant. But that insignificance is a molehill

threatening to become a mountain. This is because of competition. No complicated process is all positive or negative. The solution of one problem generates other problems. Success in one field often means failure in other fields. Culture in the more limited or restricted sense of the word, can wither in different types of societies for many causes. In America, culture is in danger of developing a pot belly, acquiring false teeth and a toupee and then of riding through the world in the Cadillac of tomorrow.

The issue is not merely culture. The state of mind which develops out of fear of controversy, apprehension about the first resistant effects of originality, the incipient jitters about the shocks of truth, is one relieved by the passivity of normality. It finds surcease from care and worry over red, rather than black, figures on the yearly ledgers. In many ways we have gained because of our economic development; in others we appear to be retrogressing.

Some years ago an agent and a Hollywood producer were discussing the possibility of employing a certain American writer as a scenarist. "He's too honest," the producer said and that ended that, for honesty can lead to controversy, and hence, to trouble.

No reasonable person would dispute the historical fact that business has made a contribution to American development. And almost no one in America wants to take business away from businessmen. But until they change and learn in new fields, businessmen have many areas of incompetence and blindness. Few of them ever seem to master politics. Businessmen in politics frequently have as much capacity to put their feet in their mouths as they have an ability in their own fields to make money. Business is their life. All too frequently they develop a kind of view of *Deutschland über alles*, that is, business over all: "What's good for General Motors is good for America." In this country, too many businessmen seem to have a yearning to be built up as heroes and as models in matters other than business. Many of them are capable and intelligent. I should never wish to encounter them in a lighted alley of finance, let alone a dark one. But a number of them, who cannot write a speech, will hire men to write them speeches on matters of which they know less than I do about engineering. Many of them boast, and believe it, too, that business has made America great, and they ignore or half ignore the contributions of others. To stand on their own contribution is insufficient. They are

not making money because they want to, and because many of them are full of the zest of competition: they are doing it all for the people. Unlike Jay Gould or Andrew Mellon, they have become "the people's capitalists." Their advertising men are reaching that point of fantastic conceit whereby they are ready to crush Krushchev by making understandable to the world what "the peoples' capitalism" means. On television, their copy writers, commentators and M.C.'s must tell us until we do not hear any more that the new toothpaste, scientifically invented for our mouth comfort to prevent tooth decay and to save us from bad breath, has been developed *only* for us, solely for us. Incapable of resting on their considerable laurels, they must hire writers to bedeck them with unearned laurels in a prose which sometimes disgraces the English language.

And these attitudes and needs are affecting what is called American propaganda abroad. I have sometimes observed that many of the rich have a driving need to be liked for themselves. And sometimes businessmen appear to be compelled to be liked for something other than what they are. In our foreign policy, we appear to be very close to basing our tactics mainly on the desire to be liked for ourselves alone. But more important, we are developing what is the antithesis of imperialism in "dollar diplomacy"—checkbook diplomacy.

By checkbook diplomacy I mean buying one's way out of a crisis. Along with this, we are in danger of keeping the peace by platitude, and of winning friends who are not, after all, customers but who are won over as though they were customers. More and more we are developing a home climate of no controversy, and this spills over into our foreign relations. We are building up a foreign image of ourselves that can gradually become akin to the public image which press agents build up of a client or an industry. Here I have only touched on what I consider to be some of the causes of this development. And I believe that this centers in the question of values. This is why I began my article with a quick backward look into the '20's. The values becoming so dominant today were challenged in the '20's. The functions of business were not challenged. It was the by-products of what I will call the business ego or, possibly, lack of ego, which Lewis and Mencken satirized. Of course, other values and attitudes were also challenged. But these I leave for future writings.

## II

A European journalist told me of having attended a press conference given by a high American official during the Geneva Conference of 1954 when peace was achieved in French Indo-China. The American official remarked, in passing, that the Russians were much superior to and more effective in propaganda than the governments of the West, and especially America. This is a very limited truth. Most certainly the Russians are not at all superior in their propaganda with the Hungarians. They have amply demonstrated that they are hopeless propagandists when it comes to convincing the majority of the Hungarian youth. It is likely that any one of us could "sell" the Hungarian people the George Washington Bridge more easily than Khrushchev could "sell" them anything. And it is even dubious that Khrushchev is a successful propagandist with millions of the Russian people.

Yet we in America are constantly upset by the Russian "line." Again and again we appear to convince ourselves that we have won the propaganda initiative when all we have done is attempt to refute Russian lies so patent, so baldfaced, and so preposterous that they should be scorned and laughed out of court. A bureaucrat like Khrushchev is not capable of learning much from Lenin, but he possibly learned one tactic which works nicely against many Americans. It is this—always answer an attack with an attack. I do not propose this as a tactic. I only stress that the Russians attack with their propaganda. And we defend. You can lie in one sentence: to answer that lie you may need ten pages. In the Soviet Union they can have entire buildings full of hired hands and intellectual slaves who are kept in Moscow, rather than in jail, for the sole purpose of inventing lies about the United States. They can produce a bushel basket full of lies every day or week. Before the American government can even translate, classify, and get an O.K. from decision makers to answer these lies, the Russians can dump a second bushel basket full of lies on us. Fighting a defensive warfare of propaganda against Moscow is more debilitating than convincing a ward of paranoics that their delusions are, truly, delusions. Our psychological warfare experts who get heated up in this futile enterprise would be well advised to give up their jobs and try to sell yeast or teach in a college.

Furthermore, we would do well to consider those at whom Russian propaganda is directed. We know, for instance, that the Russians have spent more money unconvincing the Hungarians than we have in gimmicks to sell hair oil. Further, many people in other countries are "impressed" with Russian propaganda against the United States because Uncle Sam has got a black bag full of hard currency, and Uncle Joe and Uncle Nikita have had a club. Everybody likes cash, but only a few masochists enjoy being conked with a club. There can be penalties if you publicly refute Russian lies. But if you believe them or pretend to, you don't get hurt; and you might get a handout or a free trip to the United States. What is the use of bringing over someone who fights the Russians? Bring a neutralist and give him a red carpet.

Furthermore, and in accordance with the apparent danger, belief or disbelief in Russian lies ebbs or rises. During the week following the outbreak of the Korean War, it was reported that various West German businessmen took out ads in obscure West German Communist newspapers. This was not the result of Russian propaganda: it was merely a belief in a well-established and highly reputable type of business enterprise, to wit, insurance. In 1949 some French intellectuals believed, or claimed to believe, that *The Reader's Digest* was as great a menace to French culture as the Red Army. Should we have tried to convince them that this was incorrect? Or should we have laughed? How in hell can you prove that you haven't robbed the poor box or intend to kill your grandmother?

In addition, whom are we trying to convince? Everybody? Somebody? The Russian leaders? The people behind the Iron Curtain? The people of the West? Are we going to use the same methods with Western Europeans who are experienced in democracy, and with Asians, many of whom are politically immature? To convince politically for long-run purposes, and to stimulate intellectually is different from selling commodities. The latter largely consists of a complicated repetition based on the Pavlovian principle of the conditioned reflex. If we have success in merely conditioning reflexes, we will be helping to develop habits in people which can lock up emotion and thought. Other reflexes can then be used on them. They are prepared to accept formulas, not to grow. I smoke Pall Mall cigarettes. But I can assure

the Pall Mall people that their advertisements are not, for me, a growth experience.

We have plenty of truth on our side. But because we have, should we export merely selective truths? Should we disseminate only smiling truths about America? Should we allow the hired book readers and approvers of the U.S. Information Agency to put their *nihil obstat* on books sent abroad in book kits which are paid for by private donations? If a fraternal order or another organization wants to send books abroad why not let them read books and send a letter stating: "We sincerely believe that this book tells you something of America." Or else let them get the advice of persons experienced in books and unafraid that their choices will put a Congressman or his boss on his neck. But why send kits of standardized books abroad, just to anywhere?

III

But now I fear that we are in for it. We are, possibly, in for the biggest inspirational drive in history. It is called the People to People Program, and it was inaugurated by the President at a White House Conference last September. The aim of this gigantic effort is to tell the truth about America and to correct the lies and distortions of Communist propaganda. This is to be achieved by private citizens organized in committees which will deal with almost every phase of American life from an understandable exposition of "the people's capitalism" to stamp collections. These committees will be organized into one nonprofit corporation to be named "People-to-People, Inc." I have been reading the newsletters sent from Washington by the Public Relations Committee of this new movement. Its style is undoubtedly on a par with *Kiplinger's Newsletter*. There is nothing egghead about it. The only thing eggy in this style is that when you read it, you feel as though you were stuffing broken egg shells into your mouth. The budget of words is on the medium-income level. The authors are as economical with verbs as the Secretary of the Treasury is with the people's tax money. With prepositions, the anonymous master minds of this bulletin, "People to People News," are virtuously parsimonious. And as for articles, definite or indefinite, the authors would as soon use these as a miser would spend a nickel. But this makes for breeziness and saves the reading time of the chairmen of

twenty-six or more "upcoming" committees to be established in "P P P Inc." This is the authors' way of saving space and abbreviating the name of this new endeavor. We have gone far since the days of the New Deal when an alphabetical organization was suspect. This, then, is "P P P Inc."

And the authors of the newsletter open this, their third progress report (which is dated November, 1956) as follows:

"World ferment of past 30 days puts sharp spotlight on *magnitude* of People-to-People job . . . scope of opportunity for understanding and friendship. This is view of leaders of new organizing program committees for accelerated People-to-People activities."

The authors of the "P P P Inc." bulletin underline many words. This is what literary critics might call "a device."

A co-chairman who got out of the Middle East before the bombs got in that "tense situation" (the "the" was saved like money in the bank) in Cairo and around the Mediterranean "indicated *urgent need* [note—stylistic device] for greater understanding between peoples." Having done a bit of travelling myself let me concur. And having read Colonel Nasser's *Egypt's Liberation, The Philosophy of the Revolution* three times, my concurrence can be placed in the dimension of urgency. Also, the "P P P Inc." newsletter has good news for the Secretary General of the United Nations, and, perhaps, even for Prime Minister Ben Gurion of Israel. For there was not only a willingness but an underlined *willingness* to "give and take in the exchange of ideas." This promises well for "P P P Inc." It is, in fact, exceedingly promising if correlated with some highly encouraging if unitalicized news on page 3 of the "P P P Inc." newsletter.

"Two members of Letter Writing Committee in The Hague for first session of International Federation of Letter Writers. . . . Meeting seeks means of setting up program world-wide.

"International 4-cent postal card with 4-cent paid reply card now on sale at U.S. post offices seen as boon to overseas letter-writing."

Think of it, for eight cents a shot, we can give and take ideas with Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, and talk to him people-to-people. And of course if the postcard brigade learns the telegraph style of the newsletter, which can be done merely by writing to the P R Committee of "P P P Inc.," why they can get more ideas on the card. And won't that crush Khrushchev?

And then "Atlantic City affiliated with Royan, France, and two leading Bordeaux area newspapers give story big play." And that's not all. The Montpelier press "gave good coverage . . . 100 column inches."

An editor in Pa. got a Certificate of Merit. Four thousand industrial editors in North America, West Europe, Hawaiian Islands are all getting the "P P P" story. And it "lays groundwork for *participation* by individual editors."

And then the Chairman of "P P P" 's Advertising Committee is "current target of Radio Moscow." His "thesis" is worrying the Communist thinkers, and I almost thought that the gentleman was a Hungarian because Radio Moscow broadcast answers to him in French, Swedish and Serb-Croatian. As an Ibsen character said when Hedda Gabler blew her brains out with her father's pistol:

"Fancy that."

There is much more. The program is now in motion, or shall we say "activated" or merely "forging ahead." We can send stamp kits through the "gaping holes" in the Iron Curtain as a means of driving "the mighty weapon of *Truth* and *Understanding*" in an exchange of views. There is a Hotel Committee which could speak to Budapest and many others, Transportation, Banking, and even a Writers Committee which is being advised by one of the "*P R* counselors" from Washington.

I see no reference to a Canal Committee but one could and might even be organized. Twenty-six committees is only the beginning. These United States are in no short supply of chairmen, vice-chairmen, assistant chairmen, co-chairmen, vice-assistant chairmen, vice-assistant co-chairmen, vice-assistant honorary chairmen, vice-assistant vice-honorary chairmen and just plain grass roots unclassified chairmen. Many more committees can easily be "up-coming."

As you can understand, no such explosion of inspiration has burst upon America at least since the 1920's. I am not certain but that this volcano of Inspiration outtops all the Inspiration of the past. And has anyone ever read of Inspiration described more succinctly, concisely and in such a fast-paced style? Why the very words lose their breath before the type bar hits the page.

"P P P Inc." has gotten off the ground. And it will most certainly be too big a balloon for Khrushchev to puncture.

## IV

But I ask a few questions. What values will "P P P Inc." convey? What ideas? What views? And will this be a foreign policy? And do we have to have all of these committees and this big boom in *Inspiration* to prove that the Russian leaders are just plain liars? History is changing fast. The Hungarians do not want postcards from America. The French do not either. What some nations want is leadership from the United States. Others want aid and political support in their own games of power politics. Israel wants security. Khrushchev wants us to come home, help Nasser, squeeze France and Great Britain and to make fools of ourselves. I fear that now plutocracy, the hucksters, the new class of word-trusters instead of brain trusters, platitude-heads instead of eggheads are hell bent, not for leather, but merely to organize the world's most mammoth slogan campaign.

I put the moral in the form of a question: Do we have a sense of humor, a means of retaining a sense of balance? Once upon a time, there was a wonderful sense of humor in America. But perhaps all of us had better put our wit behind us and maybe even rig up alibis for the possible day when a Congressional Investigation of Wit and Humor takes over.

Ours is the spirit of the '20's suffering from large, triumphant and swelling indigestion of complacency. Indigestion is dangerous. And if "P P P" evolves as it has started it will be an occasion for good gooseberry picking for Nikita Khrushchev. The world is not a Salvation Army project. It is a torn world full of people. And the world is growing sick of propaganda. And much poorer governments envy us that we can throw out fancy leaflets and fancy magazines compromising our program in platitudes, while they can do so little. If we are capable of learning as a people, we had better start in now. For we have a serious role to perform. This role is to contribute a dynamic example of freedom, the most meaningful way of life available for man. We cannot play this role with gimmicks: we must play it with ideas.

# The Revolutions of Rising Discontent

*By* RICHARD M. HUNT

OUR TIME is a period of accelerating history. In most parts of the world, events pile on top of one another with such rapidity that even the recent past appears to have receded into another epoch of history. Particularly this is true in an area like Eastern Europe where history has lately leaped forward with dramatic suddenness.

Just seven years ago, a New York *Times* editorial stated, "The Communist world has become in short what the world of Mid-Africa used to be. It is a new Dark Continent where civilized men penetrate at the risk of being captured, abused, and perhaps killed by savages." At the time, this was no understatement. Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Romania and Albania had fallen under the control of Communist dictatorships that menaced the civilized spirit of 90 million people living in that part of the world. With the erection of an Iron Curtain that shut out the traditional light from the West, most of the people in Eastern Europe seemed to give up hope and to resign themselves to the "widening darkness" descending upon their lives.

Nowadays there is no problem in recalling the brutality with which the Communists first began their work of transforming these countries into totalitarian dictatorships. Most Westerners need little prompting for their imaginations to picture the indignities that the Communists in 1950 heaped upon their captive populations.

What does seem more unreal to us today is the way the people in Eastern Europe languished under those first vast Communist pres-

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sures. While the standard of living continued to decline in 1950, the people of Budapest watched helplessly as their stores contained fewer and fewer goods for purchase; at the same time, everyone knew that Hungary was exporting large quantities of food to the Soviet Union. The wages of an average worker in Poland and Czechoslovakia in 1950 were far below the prewar level, and the cost of living was appreciably rising. And yet the people failed to register any of their obvious discontent. There were no strikes, no demands for reform, no protest meetings. The more the regimes imposed new disciplinary measures, the more the people passively acquiesced in their fate.

Some Westerners thought in those days that it was only a question of time before the 1984 world of George Orwell would overtake the citizens of Prague and Budapest and Warsaw. But actually most Eastern Europeans were far too cowed, apathetic, and afraid ever to become the automatons of Orwell's future. They obeyed out of fear, not out of indoctrinated desire; their most firmly held conviction was their secret belief that the Communist regimes really were as powerful as they claimed to be. Consequently, in the year 1950, life in Communist Europe was very much of a shadowy, heartless affair, with a mood of hopelessness and powerlessness pervading the lives of the people. If "Communist freedom" existed at all, it was only the freedom for the people to experience the depths of their own impotence.

The world of Eastern Europe in 1956 was vastly different. The uprisings in Poznan, Poland's fourth largest city, the developments in Warsaw where Soviet authority was openly flouted, the tortuous revolution in Hungary, and the more liberal atmosphere in the other Communist countries, all signified that deep forces were at work in this part of Europe. Frequently imperceptible to Western eyes, these forces have given rise to what one Hungarian writer last year called "a new spirit, a new tone, a new style" that characterized the life of the people.

Most indicative of this "new spirit," of course, was the example of what happened in Hungary in the last months of 1956. The fact that the revolution in Budapest finally succumbed to the assault of an estimated fifteen Soviet divisions including 4,000 tanks should not obscure our more basic awareness that the Hungarian population was able to come agonizingly close to liberating itself from a Communist dictatorship. In other words, while the revolution itself failed utterly

and tragically, it still demonstrated that the people of the country were no longer the same people that seven years ago submitted docilely to Communist abuses. No longer would they tolerate in silence what they considered to be Communist crimes; and the October revolutions in Hungary and Poland gave pointed evidence to confirm this new fact of life in the Communist world.

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To consider the events in Eastern Europe in this fashion—comparing the mood of the people in 1950 with that of the past few months—is only to raise some basic questions about just what transpired in these Communist countries during the period. Obviously there have been profound changes, both in the temper of mind of the people and in the attitude of the Communist regimes. But how does one account for the momentous contrasts in only seven years? From the viewpoint of the regimes, how can one explain the disintegration of their absolute authority in the later part of 1956, when in 1950 they seemed so far advanced in achieving the totalitarian goal of destroying all restraints on total political power? Concerning the people of Hungary, how did it happen that they could attain a decisiveness of intent, a unity of action and an ability for self-sacrifice that would almost succeed in upsetting the Communist dictatorship?

There have been, naturally, many varying answers to these questions which cut into some of the most crucial issues of our time. Orthodox Communists found the questions extremely painful to answer; but after the entire world learned about the October revolutions in Budapest and Warsaw, the Communist regims could not remain silent. In a not uncommon manner, official Communist policy adopted one explanation of these insurrections for propaganda purposes and another for purely political goals.

Since Soviet propaganda organs could not deny the existence of the revolutions, they reverted to a line that has proved effective in the past. Whenever anything went radically wrong in a Communist country, it was always attributed to domestic reactionary elements conspiring with the Fascists in the capitalist world. Reverting to this hallowed propaganda line, Moscow *Pravda* on November 3, 1956 defended the intervention of Soviet troops in Hungary by describing

the situation there as "deteriorating under the pressures of black reactionary forces that have joined the honest movement for democratization." Radio Moscow commentators claimed that the initiators of the rebellion were Western radio stations and American organizations such as the Crusade for Freedom which "promoted inciting propaganda and then supplied weapons to the rebel gangs." Generally, what the Soviet propagandists tried to do was to deny that the movement in Hungary was a popular, national one and to place full responsibility on a "small clique of Fascist gangs supported by the West."

Perhaps the magnitude of the uprisings all over Hungary disproved this interpretation most convincingly. In many instances, the insurgents themselves refuted it by their actions. For example, when Soviet troops returned to Budapest in order to quell the revolution, some daring rebels put up the following poster throughout the city in order to show their contempt for the new Kadar regime forced upon the people by the Soviet Union. With superb irony, the poster proclaimed,

> Nine million Fascist counter-revolutionaries, all former factory owners, bankers, cardinals, remain hidden in the country. Their main strongholds are the aristocratic residential districts of Csepel and Ujpest. Fortunately, there are still six real Hungarians left who have built a government to save the country.[1]

Indeed it has been pointed out by several Western correspondents who were in Budapest that there seemed to be a desperate urgency among the rebels to have the world realize the true meaning of their revolt. It was in no way the result of "a reactionary plot of Fascists." Nor was it caused by the provocative nature of Western broadcasts. As a matter of fact, when some escapees to the West heard that Radio Free Europe had been severely criticized in the West for helping to incite the rebellion, they seemed indignant and insulted that their own efforts had been so grossly misunderstood. They wanted it known that it was the masses of people who were fighting for their own freedom and country's independence. It was the Hungarian nation itself that was "in arms against the tyrants."

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[1]The districts of Csepel and Ujpest were centers of strong worker-resistance to the Kadar regime and Soviet troops. The "six real Hungarians" in the poster referred sarcastically to the Kadar regime itself.

While Soviet propaganda organs dispensed their patently false explanations for the revolutions in the international scene, Soviet leaders were pursuing a political policy in Poland and Hungary that revealed they had accepted for themselves an equally untenable interpretation of these events. This was their conviction that the real issue in both countries was incipient Titoism, or more properly, the resistance of a national Communist Party to alien domination. Such a miscalculation led to great difficulties for the Soviet Union in both countries because it ignored how powerfully the people felt their grievances.

Undoubtedly the inability of the Soviets to size up the real significance of these revolutions resided in their own lack of experience. The idea of a truly effective, popular resistance to established Communism finds no place in the Marxist creed. The Soviets had inevitably accustomed themselves to the passive subservience of everyone living under their rule, and accordingly they were particularly unqualified to estimate realistically the nature of the popular discontent.

But the West, too, has had its problems in appreciating these developments behind the Iron Curtain. The scarcity of reliable information has naturally played a part in these difficulties. More importantly, a great deal of Western thinking about totalitarian societies has been conditioned either by the mechanistic ideas of Orwell and Huxley or by the example of the Nazi dictatorship. Both of these influences tended to foster the view that mass resistance in totalitarian countries was practically impossible. For skeptics who stressed the perfected techniques of totalitarian control, the failure of the July 20th, 1944 plot against Hitler's life demonstrated that even a "palace revolution" had little chance of success.

However, the essentially new factor in the recent revolutions in Eastern Europe—a factor consistently underrated by the Soviet leaders themselves and frequently overlooked in the thinking of the West—was the rise of genuine mass opposition movements in Hungary, Poland, and to a lesser extent Czechoslovakia. It was these movements that created the profoundly revolutionary situations which almost swept away Soviet domination and Communism itself.

The birth of these movements came shortly after the death of Stalin in March 1953. As a matter of fact it might be said that Stalin's death was an indispensable preliminary for the revolutions of 1956,

because only a Soviet Union without Stalin would permit the vacillating policies that prepared the way for the formation of opposition tendencies among the peoples of Communist Europe. It was no coincidence that the first signs of unrest among the captive peoples appeared in June 1953 in Communist East Germany, only a few months after Stalin's death. Similarly, there was an equally important relationship between the fantastic, anti-Stalin speech of Khrushchev on the night of February 24-25, 1956 and the October revolutions in Poland and Hungary in the same year. Rarely have the grave problems involved in the succession to political power in a dictatorship been more clearly raised than in this "secret speech" of Khrushchev in which he wrestled with Stalin's ghost. The corrupting effect of this speech soon weakened the authority of the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe and impeded their efforts at checking the rising tide of popular demands.

The opposition movements of people developed quickly after 1953. Perhaps one reason that Western observers failed to realize the importance of these movements was the fact that they did not follow the model of traditional resistance movements of the past. There were no leaders, no network of underground organizations, no clandestine circulation of revolutionary pamphlets, and no well-defined doctrine of resistance. Such things were out of the question in Communist countries.

What did exist, however, was a passive unspoken opposition to the regimes among great groups of people who gradually exerted increasing pressures for reforms on the regimes by reason of their very weight in numbers rather than any underground activities. Workers, peasants, the youth and even the lower bureaucracy were "organized" only by their common hatred of Soviet influences in their country and their desire to live a freer, more prosperous life. Instead of sabotage, they expressed their dissatisfactions by a type of collective coercion that operated through Communist-established groups such as writers' unions, factory councils, and collective farms. Eventually these groups, originally set up by the Communists as devices of control, came to represent the interests of the people rather than the regimes.

For instance, Communist Party Secretary Rakosi ordered the creation of the Petofi Circle of Writers in March 1956, because he wanted to restrain Budapest intellectuals from attacking the regime. By April

speakers in the Petofi Circle were accusing Rakosi of "hypocrisy and terrorism" and demanding his resignation. On July 18, 1956, admitting he had been guilty of grave mistakes, Rakosi did resign.

At first, however, the initial responses of the people to the "cautiously concessionary" policies of the Communist regimes consisted of little more than an excited hopefulness that maybe some day conditions would be better. Slowly, this enthusiasm grew into demands for action. Criticism turned into open denunciations of "regime abuses." Workers refused to work overtime and got away with it. Farmers left the hated collectives and were not imprisoned. The regimes were hampered in taking measures against this insubordination because it was so widespread.

By 1956, the people in Hungary and Poland frequently refused to tolerate some regime decrees that they would have instantly obeyed in the past; and their opposition movements had matured to the point where they were ready to try out their strength against the regimes at the first opportunity.

* * *

Nearly twenty years ago, Professor Crane Brinton published his book *The Anatomy of Revolution*, in which he cautiously identified "some tentative uniformities" in the growth of four important revolutions in history—the English revolution in 1688, the American revolution in 1776, the great French revolution of 1789, and the Russian revolution of 1917. His observations have a particular relevance to the recent October revolutions in Hungary and Poland.

One of Professor Brinton's most prominent conclusions, confirmed by considerable historical research, was that the influential revolutions in history "did not occur in societies economically backward, or in societies undergoing widespread economic misery or depression." On the contrary, the evidence indicated that revolutions did break out only when economic conditions had been growing more prosperous. Professor Brinton said, "There can be no talk of starvation, of grinding poverty in the New England of the Stamp Act."

Back in the nineteenth century, the great French author, de Tocqueville, had the same insight into French society before the 1789 revolution. He wrote, "in no one of the periods following the revolu-

tion of 1789 has the national prosperity of France augmented more rapidly than it did in the twenty years preceding that event."

In many ways, this is a key to a real understanding of the revolutions of 1956. As in prerevolutionary America and France, the people in Hungary and Poland were not suffering serious economic deprivation immediately before the barricades appeared in their streets. For example, most of the store windows in Budapest and Warsaw contained many more goods in 1956 than they did in 1950. As a matter of fact, ever since Stalin's death in 1953, all of the countries of Eastern Europe had undertaken some form of a New Course in economic policies which promised a higher standard of living for the people. Naturally the results differed considerably in each country. But with due allowance for these national variations, the general trend was in the direction of a "gradual liberalization" in wages, hours of work, housing, and delivery quotas for farmers. In these terms, the fact that the workers of Poznan last year rallied to the cry "Bread and Freedom" signified not so much their desperate state of hunger as their new state of mind which revolted against a denial of their rising expectations. It also was significant that Hungary, the only country with a full-scale revolutionary effort in 1956, led the way among the other Eastern European countries in introducing these New Course policies back in July 1953.

Another point in Professor Brinton's prescription for revolution was the fallacy of conceiving the old regime of a pre-revolutionary country as "an unregenerate tyranny, sweeping to its end in a climax of despotic indifference to the clamor of its abused subjects." Actually many Western newspapers made this erroneous assumption in their editorials on the Hungarian revolt. For instance, the *Christian Science Monitor* wrote on December 13, 1956, "Hungarians face death at Communist hands unflinchingly because they feel they have nothing further to lose."

This type of analysis passed over much of the history of Eastern Europe since 1953. For, in the cases of Hungary and Poland, the Communist regimes during the last three years were attempting to institute various "pacification reforms" in order to appease the people. Haltingly, reluctantly, and usually in a limited way, the regimes were withdrawing their arbitrary exercise of authority right up until the day when the explosions of discontent broke out into the open. There

should be no surprise that the new emphasis by the Hungarian and Polish regimes on "socialist legality" occurred shortly before the October revolutions last year. "Socialist legality" included the amnesty of many former political prisoners and the restriction of at least some of the hated activities of the Security Police.

Such concessions, however, proved of no avail in quieting the people of Hungary and Poland. As de Tocqueville said of pre-revolutionary France, "the people found their position the more intolerable the better it became." For at the height of the "liberalization policies" in the economic and political arena, popular resentment against the regimes reached its pitch. The revolutions of 1956 had their origin not in the moment when the Communists forced through the last in their many measures of oppression but at the first instant that they felt obliged to grant the people a major concession.

Moreover, the Hungarian rebellion, similar to the Polish, was carried out not by people who felt that they had "nothing further to lose," but by people who for the first time began to feel that they *did* have something to lose. It was true that in the beginning the people possessed nothing much more than an intangible hope—a hope that the old order of their lives could be changed. But precisely this kind of hope has always been the catalyst of the great revolutions in the past.

Professor Brinton outlined several other characteristics that seemed to accompany, but not necessarily cause, the development of a "revolutionary fever" in a country. One of them was what he called "the desertion of the intellectuals." While many intellectuals in Hungary and Poland did not actually desert the cause of Communism, most of them engaged in elaborate battles with the regimes over "injustices, inequities, and betrayals of the peoples' interests." As a rule, the Communists had made good use of the services of authors, journalists, and artists back in 1950. As long as they submitted to regime decrees, intellectuals received preferential treatment. But by 1956, these same intellectuals used Communist newspapers and magazines to carry on violent denunciations of "regime incompetence." In Poland, writers demanded that the Parliament be permitted to debate real problems; in Hungary, a genuine intellectual ferment permeated the cultural and economic bulletins published by the Communists. What Eric Hoffer said in his provocative book, *The True Believer*, applied to these "men of words" in the opposition movements: "The emergence

of an articulate minority where there was none before is a potential revolutionary step." Acting as the heirs to the revolutionary tradition of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Turgenev, and Marx himself, the Hungarian and Polish intellectuals did much in early 1956 to pave the way for rebellion.

Of course, the transition from agitation to action has always been a momentous step in most revolutions. Professor Brinton noted that when political ineptness, vacillation, lack of confidence, hesitation in the employment of force began to characterize the policies of the ruling classes, then a revolutionary situation was often around the corner. Today, after the Soviet invasion of Hungary, it is extremely difficult to conceive a situation where the Communists would hesitate to use force. But such was the case in Hungary and Poland in early 1956. The orthodox, "native" Communists time and again faltered in the suppression of the widespread disobedience to unpopular regime decrees. Clearly there was no humanitarianism in their motives. On the contrary, their usual readiness to use violence was only subdued by their realization of two facts: first, the mass movements of opposition were too strong to yield to anything but total force; and second, the support that the native Communist leaders could personally count on from the Soviet leaders was entirely ambiguous.

Doubtless, many old-line Communists in these countries began to lose their political self-confidence when their positions became less certain after Stalin's death. The power struggle within the Soviet Union contributed to this insecurity, just at the time when they needed strong backing from the Soviet Union to support their wavering regimes. The results of "collective leadership" in the Soviet Union ended only in "collective policies"—often conflicting and contradictory—for Eastern Europe. Without a new Stalin in the Soviet Union, the Communist leaders in Hungary and Poland experienced a serious undermining of their authority that prevented them from taking the necessary strong line against the mass opposition movements. Soon this demoralization swept the ranks of the Communist bureaucracy and created the conditions for the rebellions of rising discontent.

All of the great revolutions of the past have had their share of paradoxes. The ideals of the revolution were trampled by the reign of terror that followed the rebellion; or the fathers of the revolution were devoured by their sons. One of the more obvious paradoxes in the October revolutions in Hungary and Poland was the use of Communist revolutionary techniques against the Communists themselves. Mass movements, the skillful propagation of revolutionary slogans, the take-over of existing institutions of control, the intensification of class antagonisms between the rulers and the ruled, the demand for "adequate representation of the peoples' interest," "the solidarity of the workers against exploitation," and finally, fighting out the issues on the barricades—all of these weapons were part of the Marxist arsenal. In Hungary and Poland, the people robbed this arsenal and directed the weapons against their previous owners. In Marxist terms, the mass movements of popular opposition in 1956 became the "vanguard of the revolution."

The relative passivity of the people of Czechoslovakia during the "October days" constituted another paradox of the revolutions of 1956. Curiously, the mass opposition movement in Czechoslovakia had already succeeded in extracting a great many concessions from the Communist regime, especially in the economic sphere; and yet the people of Prague failed to take their positions at the barricades when the crucial hour came. With its Western orientation, its flourishing democracy between the two World Wars, and its tradition of liberty exemplified by the leadership of T. G. Masaryk, Czechoslovakia had every historical reason to make a revolution.

Several factors throw some light on this paradox. The elements of religion and nationalism have always played a qualitatively different role in the political processes of Czechoslovakia as compared to Hungary and Poland. Consequently, the dogmatic hostility of the Communists to both the authority of the Catholic Church and the principle of national sovereignty raised deeper antagonisms among the Hungarians and Poles than it did among Czechs and Slovaks. Moreover, the revolutionary tradition in Czechoslovakia was never as strong as it was in Hungary and Poland. Still, the people of this country have never been deficient in their desire for freedom and it was cause for wonder why they did not take advantage of the revolutionary situation in the Communist bloc.

In the last analysis, the deepest paradox of all may have revealed itself only after the formal end of the insurrections in Hungary and Poland. For, while the Soviet Union exulted in its victory over the revolutionaries, it was obviously a defeat in victory for the prestige of Communism generally. The international disgust over the intervention of Soviet troops in Hungary has had its impact on many former "true believers" in the Communist creed. Ever since the middle of the nineteenth century, the Communists have boasted that they always could be found on the peoples' side of the barricades. In 1956, in front of the whole world, the Communists took their positions "on the other side of the barricades" in order to suppress the popular impulse for freedom.

Rarely in history have genuine revolutions proved to be completely abortive. One of the prophets of Marxism, Trotsky, recognized the rule that "in reality, the mere existence of privations is not enough to cause an insurrection; if it were, the masses would always be in revolt." He knew that revolutions are motivated by more profound forces, and these forces are never extirpated by mere repression. Hungarians and Poles have only to look at their own histories to observe that, although Russia suppressed the Hungarian uprising in 1848 and the Polish insurrections of 1830 and 1863, relatively permanent changes succeeded the battles and provided a new latitude for the revolutionary forces in the future. Defeated militarily, the people may resort again to that type of political opposition which has been so effective in compelling the Communists to retreat from their tyrannical excesses.

Whatever else, the people of Hungary and Poland know today that the Communist regimes no longer have an exclusive monopoly in writing the history of these nations; now the Communists have been forced to share this task with the people themselves, who may give their future a new direction more worthy of their best ideals.

A STORY

# Young Berg

*By* RUTH KRONMAN

THE FOUR OLD MEN played pinochle every Saturday night. It seemed to me when I was fourteen that they had always played, that they were always old, and that the playing would go on forever. I could not imagine my father or any of his friends young, and I could not imagine a Saturday night without the pinochle game. Maybe they weren't always old, maybe they hadn't always played, maybe they missed some Saturday nights, but at fourteen the maybes were not there. This was truth: the game, these four old men, the Saturday nights. To me at that time, and for a long time before, everyone was old, and I alone was young and would never be old. I wanted to be old, at least older. At school I was the youngest in my class, I had skipped grades; at home I was the only child. My closest brother was twelve years older, 26 already, and a doctor starting his practice. My sister and my other brothers were married, strangers living in strange houses. I was embarrassed, I think my parents were embarrassed. I was an uncle several times over, my parents were grandparents. The kids on the block called me Uncle Sid when I was seven, and I could have died. It was a great relief to me to pass thirteen, because then technically I was a man, and I sensed relief in my father, too: it wasn't seemly for a man his age to have such a young son.

During that period of my life I not only felt young, I felt useless. Especially Saturday nights. Everyone else had something to do. My mother busied herself, after the holiday, cleaning up the kitchen and then making tea for the card players; or she went out, to my sister's, to stay with the babies so my sister and her husband could go to the

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movies. But I was a wrong age. I was too young to go bowling with the boys or to stand in front of the drugstore. My father wouldn't hear of his son bumming around the street at night. And I was too old to lie and read on Saturday night as I used to, all the growing-up years. I was restless. I had loved the reading, and still did. I read everything, I kept lists of books, I tried to make records of how many books I read in a day or a week or a month; but now at fourteen I felt Saturday night was special. Not for reading. Too old, too young. Everyone else had a place for himself. I alone was unplaced, restless.

So every Saturday night I watched the pinochle game. It was a ritual, from the way they cut the cards to the names they gave the various plays. The men sat around the table in the dining room under the full yellow glare of the hanging chandelier that reminded me of a dentist's office. In those days we knew nothing of bridge tables; my father swept the lace tablecloth back and flung it over a chair; got the cards out of the drawer of the sideboard, brought ash trays and a bowl of apples. It is odd, I do not recall, in going back over those endless repeated Saturday nights, anything of how the men came, their gathering or settling. I recall only the bright yellow-lighted room, the men in their shirt sleeves at the round table, the pad of paper and pencil at my father's elbow. He was always scorekeeper, maybe because he was the youngest, most competent—his hands did not shake like Vinick's, nor did he have trouble seeing, like Greenwald, nor trouble hearing, like Botkin. I recall even the sound of the crunching of Vinick's massive jaws on the hard apples.

Those were the men; the same three, year after year, and my father. When I spoke to them, which was very unusual, I called them Mr. Vinick, Mr. Botkin, Mr. Greenwald. I never heard their first names. When I thought of them, or observed them at their game, or heard them address one another, it was always, simply and starkly, Vinick, Botkin, Greenwald. My father was Berg. I was The Boy.

"How's The Boy doing in school?" Greenwald would ask, picking up his hand, watching me as I lay propped on an elbow on the old couch that was part of the dining room furnishing, near enough, in the small room, so that I could watch the game, far enough so that I was unobtrusive, near enough so I could be sent to get a glass of water, to sharpen a pencil, to see if Mama had the tea on already or could they play another game.

"How should he do? He does all right." My father was not good-natured nor jovial; rather he was on the serious, plodding side, a man who had spent most of his years walking up and down stairs collecting small sums, not a gay nor a happy man; but from being an insurance agent he had a smile, habitual, etched, so that he answered every question smiling, as if to say, it gives me great pleasure to talk with you. He was full of pride in his older children, who had already accomplished something; I felt he had hope for me, but no enthusiasm.

"Nu, let's bid already." For Greenwald the game was serious. He had disposed of the amenities by asking about his host's family, he could now proceed. Greenwald was a rotund man, bald, who had been a tailor. His sight was poor, and he squinted at the cards that he arranged painstakingly in a widespread fan. He hunched over his hand, peered, sank deep into contemplation. He was not bright, as this group recognized brightness; the game was hard work for him, and he played methodically. He was generally paired with Botkin, only because Vinick could not play with Botkin—they were both too volatile, too competitive, they had to be opponents.

Greenwald peered once more, cogitated, started off. "Two fifty." Vinick, on his left, roared. "What's the matter, Greenwald, you take such a chance. I bet he's got a hundred aces, a hundred fifty. I got nothing. But just to show you, you can't have it cheap, I'll say three hundred." He banged his heavy hand on the table so hard the kitty jumped, turned his big, broad-featured face, with a high forehead and a mass of bushy white hair, to Botkin. "So what do you think of that?"

Botkin waited until the roar subsided. He was a short but powerfully built man, with broad shoulders, small intense blue eyes, a general air of intensity and thoughtfulness about him, and a sly humor. Between him, the iconoclast, the sharp-tongued, and Vinick, the loud, boisterous man with no caution, no fear, there was a tremendous rivalry, a large portion of mutual contempt, and a genuine friendship.

"All right, Vinick," he said. "I'll take you out of trouble. Three twenty, and if I buy a maidl I'll make a fortune."

My heart leaped with recognition. This was the inner circle and I understood it. The maidl was a queen. The fortune Botkin referred to was on paper only; they never played for money. I thought then, and I still believe, though I know otherwise, that pinochle is a game played exclusively by old Jewish men, never for money, and it has

a language all its own. Trump was called Trumph; I never knew the English word until I learned bridge many years later. There were other special words: meld, which has since been taken over by canasta players but still properly belongs to pinochle; maidl, any queen, and a black maidl, the queen of spades; and Yankl, the Jack of diamonds. There were others, but these were the most used.

The bidding went on. My father, playing partners with Vinick, shook his head cautiously. He was no plunger, my father; Vinick's big chances were not for him, and he said, "What can a poor man do? Be content with his lot. I pass."

Greenwald passed too, and Vinick roared, "What's life without a gamble? All my life I took chances, I didn't do so bad for a plain man, I'll take chances now if my partner'll only have a little help for me. Three thirty." He peered at Botkin. My father sat shaking his head, trying to warn his partner, but Vinick was not warnable. Now Vinick peered at Botkin with a challenging look.

Botkin, his bright blue eyes half shut now with the effort of his calculations, said quickly, "I pass. You can have it. And you're sunk," he said, triumph in his voice.

"How do you know I'm sunk?" Vinick shouted. "Let me see the kitty."

"Kitty, no kitty," Botkin said, "I got all the cards. But you wanted it, so take it."

Vinick turned the cards up, one at a time, looking more chagrined with each card. "So I didn't buy this time."

"You didn't buy a *thing*?" my father asked. "What's trumph, maybe I can help out a little." Slyly, when the other had put down his meager meld of 40 Jacks, he added a pinochle, 3 more queens and a nine of trumph—110 points. Vinick looked triumphant. "Now there's a partner. Why didn't you say something, Berg?"

"Why should I say, I knew you'd bid up. We still got a long way to go. A hundred-eighty to make in cards. We'll never make it."

"My God, Berg, how'd you ever sell any insurance? You got to be a little confident."

"I did all right," my father said.

"All right. Since when is a businessman satisfied with all right?"

As my father entered the joint meld of 150 for himself and his partner, Botkin was quietly extracting cards from his hand. It was

quite a process. Not for him the neat and ordered fan other men used, the stacking of cards by suits one after another. He stashed his cards up and down as well as sidewise, tucking a jack of diamonds over a black queen, totting up his aces regardless of color, displaying all possible or probable permutations and combinations so that he ended with a mass of tucked in cards that trembled in a wide unwieldy spread. When I was younger I used to watch him, fearful of accident but almost hoping for one as he tucked and changed; and he did it all through the game as situations altered; but I never saw him drop a card, and I stopped expecting him to, long before I was fourteen. He was a very self-confident man.

Now he maliciously took from his piled up hand four aces, a nine of trumph, and four kings. A total of 190.

"No more?" Vinick said. "That's all you got in your hand? So why didn't you buy? What a piker!"

"I let you buy, better you lose 330 than I make it."

"A regular Machiavelli," Vinick said. "If you used your head like this in business you'd have been Mr. A & P instead of in Botkin and Burns still on Stanley Street, and now just Burns, Inc."

"It was a good firm," Botkin said quickly and with a show of anger. "We had the best produce you could find in the whole city, I picked out everything, I knew every farmer, they sold me only the best. And meats, meats you couldn't beat us, the doctor's wife, Mrs. Marshall, used to come from the other side of town, just for our meats."

"So how is Burns doing now?" Vinick asked slyly. And answered: "Without you, without the meats, without the hand-picked tomatoes, he sends his boys to college and runs around in a Packard while you live on peanuts, after a whole lifetime of hard work. In business it's not what you sell, it's how you sell it."

"I took him in from nothing," Botkin said. "He was a meat clerk."

"A smart one, that Goy," Vinick said.

Greenwald had said nothing. He had been quietly peering at the melds, examining his own hand, cogitating. I felt sorry for him, in a way, it was so hard for him to keep up. All the years when I was young I had accepted him as part of the group; now that I observed these men separately, as people, not as my father's pinochle players, I wondered what they got from him and what he got from the play-

ing; it was such an effort for him; but they accepted him and I wondered why.

Now in his quiet way he said, "Let's play cards."

Vinick had discarded his four cards, the men started the game. There was quiet. Botkin was taking in the big tricks, with his aces and kings, and my father and Vinick played in a subdued and hopeless way. Botkin slapped his cards down, one after the other, as the tricks came his way, as if to show, as if to show . . . Silence.

Then Greenwald spoke, "What's this Goy business, Vinick? You should be ashamed. You want everybody to call you a Jew always? A man, everybody is a man. You should be ashamed. What's with you, Vinick, you got to tear a man down? Botkin did fine, a respected name in town, none better, so he hasn't got a million dollars. Look at me, a tailor all my life, one son an accountant, my daughter married. I sold my shop when Freda died, I don't need much, only to live out a few years in peace, my children shouldn't have to carry me. Am I such a failure then?"

Vinick looked at him amazed. All the men looked at him. The quiet one. He had never said so much. Vinick said quickly, "Who's talking of failure? Right now *I'm* licked," he said jovially, "you got me for three thirty. It's all in the game." They counted points, my father made his little pencilled notes on the score sheet, they threw the cards together.

"Your deal," my father said, and Vinick took the cards and shuffled them. Botkin cut, Vinick shuffled again, and as he dealt he talked. "Speaking of deal, did I tell you—I got this proposition, I have a rich cousin lives in Florida, St. Petersburg, he wants me to come out there, there's a big hotel he wants to buy, I should go in with him, help manage it. We're considering. If Rose only felt better I'd do it in a minute, I could make a fortune. Not that I need it. Thank God I got enough. For a poor boy who came here without a cent." . . . He shook his head in wonderment at himself, his accomplishment. "I told Rose, I told her, get on your feet already, maybe I'll take you to Florida this winter. They say it's a paradise down there, the sun, the beaches. . . . Gordon was telling me, Lawyer Gordon, he went on a trip. . . ."

"I wouldn't go," Botkin said. "Anti-semites they are, there are whole towns won't give you a hotel room. And how they treat the

colored! They can't walk on the street with white. I'm surprised at you, Vinick, an old Bundist from the old country, you would have anything to do. . . ."

"You and your idealism. What you going to do, stop using coal because the miners don't get paid enough?"

"It's not the same," Botkin said. "Anyway who wants to go where a lot of old men sit playing checkers? All day the old men sit in the sun—checkers!" He flung the word out contemptuously.

This was the way the talk went. The two men dominated; my father and Greenwald were peacemakers, audience, court of appeals—and in that sense, participants. I was background. When the game was drawing to a close, my father would send me to see if tea was ready; they drank it with lemon, out of glasses, biting into chunks of hard sugar. Occasionally Botkin would say to Vinick, "Don't eat so much cake, Vinick—your diabetes."

"Diabetes, hell!" Vinick said. "What's life without a good piece of strudel." But generally they relaxed over tea. The rivalries of the game and of their personalities were abated until the next Saturday. These evenings had gone on years back into my childhood, they went on now that I was fourteen, and I assumed that they would go on forever, as I assumed I would be young, restless, unbelonging, forever.

But there came a Saturday when only three of them played. Vinick was sick. There must have been other times when one was missing, but they were not in my memory; memory held only the repeated, the habitual. But this time, with only the three there, I noticed. The men were subdued, played lackadaisically.

"It's not the same. Three-handed." Greenwald said. "Harder without a partner. Two fifty."

"Greenwald, some day you'll bid more than two fifty, and I'll have a schnapps to celebrate."

"When it's worth I'll bid. I don't like three-handed anyway, it's a cut-throat game. Four is friendlier."

The bidding went round, Botkin took it but didn't fight for it; no slamming of cards, no glee, no strategy. They played, it was Saturday night so they played. And talked.

"What do you hear from Vinick?" Greenwald asked.

"His wife called," my father said. "Not good."

"How could it be good? He never took care of the diabetes, he

ate cake, you know what kind of eater he was. Diabetes is something you got to watch," Botkin said. "My wife's cousin in New York had it, he went down to ninety pounds, a big man, and died like that."

"It's not the diabetes so much," my father said, "it's his heart, blood pressure, everything. They're taking him Monday to the hospital."

"You're not fooling?" Greenwald said. "The hospital! Mmmmm, that's not good."

"Don't I know it," Botkin said. "You go to a hospital, they carry you out feet first. I used to sell them eggs, they only bought cracked, grade B. And what meat they use! The wholesale butcher, Connolly, I know him, I did a lot of business with him in my day. He used to tell me, Botkin, he'd say, if you got any junk you want to get rid of, sell it to the hospital."

"Times change," my father said, "maybe it's better now. They'll do what they can for him, better than home."

"You'll never get me in one," Botkin said, "unless I'm ready to go out feet first. Poor Vinick."

The game broke up early that night. The following Saturday the three played, but even more lackadaisically. There was no good news. The following week they played again; and then the games stopped for several Saturdays.

Vinick was dead. He died in the hospital.

"I told you," Botkin said in great excitement, "he should never have gone to the hospital." They had gathered again, two weeks later, without prearrangement, without calls or plans; because they were lonely; because they needed to go on. But they didn't play. They sat at the round table and looked at one another, and talked.

"You're an intelligent man, Botkin," my father said. "It's not suitable for you to say such things."

"But I *know*," Botkin said. "The food they buy, not fit for pigs, you'll excuse me."

"He was a sick man," Greenwald said, in wonder. "With all that life in him, he was a real sick man. All that talk, about Rose—and there he was, a sick man, it takes a lot to kill a man like Vinick."

"Diabetes is a bad thing," Botkin said. "You got to take care. Take me, I'm still strong as an ox, but I got a little gall bladder trouble, so I watch it, I eat right. He didn't eat right."

"We all got something," Greenwald said. "But him, so lively, he was the only one of us still in business, still making plans, changes. . . . Better it was me, believe me. Freda gone, my eyes no good for work—better it was me. He had everything to live for."

"Please," my father said, "Greenwald, please. In front of The Boy."

I suddenly became aware of myself, as they became aware of me. I was lying on the couch, listening, as I had always listened and watched. They looked at me, as if the thoughts and fears and anxieties and regrets, all the concerns of older people, were alien to me, wrong for me. They made me feel again how young, how alone, how inexperienced I was, and I wanted to say, I understand, about sickness and dying and growing old, and it's not bad, it's not all bad, it's living, and I'm not living, I'm just waiting and waiting and being young.

"Well, we might as well get on to a game," Botkin said.

"Three-handed it has to be," my father said, sighing. "It was four, and now it is three." His unspoken thought hovered over the group: it will be two, it will be one, it will be none.

They played a hand. Greenwald bought, for two-eighty, his second bid.

"Reckless, hah!" Botkin quipped.

Greenwald smiled his slow smile. "With what I've got to be reckless with. . . ."

Greenwald made his bid. Then my father made his, Botkin made his, the third hand round. By the end of several hands of steady under-bidding, steady winning, they stood almost even.

"Read the score, Berg," Botkin said.

"You, 780, Greenwald, 690, me, 720. All about the same."

"All in the same boat," Greenwald said.

"What a game!" Botkin said in disgust, his old liveliness asserting itself. "For a game like this we would do better to have a nice old man's game of checkers."

They played the next round in silence. Greenwald won, and Botkin, recovering some of his spirit, said to my father, "Three-handed is dog eat dog—you have to keep the other one from winning: if you had fed me your counters, instead of keeping them until Greenwald got them out of you with trumph. . . ."

"What's the difference," my father said, "somebody's got to win."

"A rotten game," Botkin said. "Do we have tea now or do we play another game?"

The men didn't answer. It was only ten, the clock on the mantel had just chimed. The evening was long. And quiet. And dead, as dead as their friend and adversary.

"I say let's have another game," Greenwald said. After a lonely sighing silence, "What a difference a man makes, I wouldn't believe what a difference. But I don't like dog eat dog, if you'll excuse me, Botkin."

"Who said *I* did?" Botkin put in quickly. "Only in three-handed that's the game, otherwise you see what kind of a game. Like checkers. A game for children and old men."

"And what are we?" Greenwald asked. He looked at them, and he looked at me. They all looked at me. I was sprawled on the couch, chewing an apple, leafing through an almanac sent round by Carter's Little Liver Pills. I think my first cynicism was born from reading those catalogs, which were to children then what TV commercials became later: for if either the weather forecasts or the symptoms were true, I would have lived in an alien climate, and been host to a great variety and number of disabling and fatal diseases. The symptoms and the forecasts were convincing and proven false. But fascinating.

I looked up. Children and old men, I heard. And then the thought seemed to leap in the room, from one to the other: the idea: like the presence that is unseen but felt: I felt it, I could see it on the faces of the others, as they looked at me, as they looked questioning at one another. My heart started to pound, and the sweat started on the palms of my hands. I lay still, turned a yellow page of the fearful catalog, and waited. Who would say it? And then, it was my father. And right, of course, for him: being father and host.

"Should we ask The Boy?" my father said.

"Yes, yes, wonderful," Greenwald said. "A young man, a fourth hand."

"You think it's all right?" my father asked.

"Wonderful," Botkin said. "Boy," Botkin said to me, and then changed it, "Young Berg," he said, "you know pinochle?"

I nodded, my heart pounding.

"You think you could play with a bunch of old men like us?" Greenwald asked.

I nodded.

"So play!" Botkin said. "Come on. We'll have a real game. Four men."

I looked at my father. He was smiling, not his insurance man's smile that was pasted on his face, but the true smile he held for my mother, sometimes, and for me very, very rarely. There it was. "Come on, come on," he said.

"You can be my partner," Greenwald said.

"Hah!" Botkin grinned. "Don't holler if you're hurt, young Berg."

I took my place at the table, across from Greenwald, and I shuffled, Botkin cut, I re-shuffled: and dealt: expertly, as if I had been doing this, instead of waiting for it, all my life. We four men played out the evening, and many more.

## *Picture of Abandoned Tent at Camp IV: Everest*

*By* Leonard Nathan

As if an old man were standing before it,
Commenting and commenting, the spittle on his beard
White as the snow at his feet. As if the rattling
Flaps opened into his mind of dark
Blanketed figures, sleepless at these heights,
Ghosts of great mountain climbers who failed or succeeded,
But still ghosts stirring obscurely in the darkness.
As if this tent mouth were the mouth of an old man,
Rattling gravely on from the great background
Of white, telling an old story patiently
To no end, over again, commenting, commenting.
Then nothing, but the tent bleating in the white wind
The last word, perhaps, of its last sleeper,
But as a cry snowed on by soundless snows.

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# Jacques Offenbach and Parisian Gaiety

*By* ROGER L. WILLIAMS

> *God shows the little regard He has for the riches of this world by the worth of those to whom He has given them.*—Gilbert Renault-Roulier

In 1802, the year that a warring Europe paused to catch her breath, Isaac Offenbacher left his family home in Offenbach-am-Main near Frankfurt for the greener pastures of Cologne, dropping the final two letters of the family name in the interest of his career as violinist and cantor. His household was governed by poverty. Even living rent-free, thanks to the synagogue, Isaac preserved hard times through arithmetic procreation, achieving a family of ten.

Jacob, the seventh child, was born on June 20, 1819. His profession was quickly designed: a violinist at six, composer of songs at eight, and a cellist at nine. The father, elder brother Julius, and Jacob formed a trio which played at taverns and dances, but even this child labor did not provide for an increasing family. Thus it was that Isaac decided to send the two boys to Paris; he would make them independent while giving them opportunity, as he believed Paris to be the only European city where Jewish artists could make a name.

Change in residence again dictated a change in name: Julius became Jules and Jacob became Jacques. They were eighteen and fourteen respectively. The elder was immediately employed as a theater violinist, giving Jacques opportunity to study under Cherubini at the

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The present article is part of a chapter on Jacques Offenbach which is to appear in a book by Roger Williams, *Gaslight and Shadow: the World of Napoleon III*, which will be published in April by Macmillan. Mr. Williams is Assistant Professor of History at Antioch College.

Conservatory, but the favored brother preferred theatrical life to academic and remained at the Conservatory only one year.

He became a cellist, then, at the Opéra-Comique. Here he met Fromental Halévy, composer of *La Juive*, who consented to give Offenbach composition lessons. As Offenbach's enthusiasm to be a composer grew, he ventured to write dances in several forms: waltzes and cancans. The waltz, a respectable dance form, enjoyed great vogue in Paris, and Halévy introduced his young pupil to Jullien, a popular conductor of waltzes in the 1830's. Offenbach's first waltzes were heard at the Turkish Garden in 1836 under Jullien's direction, and at least one of them, "Winter Flowers," enjoyed success for several seasons. In 1837 he received a spanking from a critic writing in *Le Ménestrel* for having used synagogue themes in his waltz "Rebecca" and thus profaning religious melodies, but the hostile review failed to dim Offenbach's growing popularity.

Success did not bring him satisfaction. Sensing that his talent lay beyond the cellist's desk, he resigned from the Opéra-Comique and broke with the conductor Jullien. His emancipation from the orchestra pit led him directly into Parisian salons and the opportunity to prepare musical skits and fantasies. He met Friedrich von Flotow shortly after leaving the Opéra-Comique, and Flotow, a wealthy Mecklembourgeois, introduced Offenbach at the salons on his circuit. The two improvised piano-cello fantasies. Their success not only brought needed money to Offenbach, but gave him opportunity to observe the wealthy at home: the ostentation and *arrivisme* he would later satirize.

Favorable results in salons led Offenbach to the stage. In early 1839 he gave a public concert; but while his romantic waltzes were warmly applauded, his mind continually returned to cancans and comedy. Two months later he wrote several songs for a farce called *Pascal and Chambord* which ended in miserable fiasco. At twenty his hopes were dashed; he felt doomed to a life with his cello; and he resigned himself to giving lessons, writing cello exercises, and playing in salons.

But his confidence and courage slowly revived. By 1843 he was preparing a concert of his own works, which would feature a skit written for the occasion, *The Surly Monk or the Two Poltroons*. The setting was medieval: two men, meeting by chance at night on a dark street, mistake each other for Victor Hugo's frightful Quasimodo and,

thus, sing happy songs to keep up their courage. Finally recognizing each other as neighbors, they go off home. This work, surprisingly enough, was well received, which left Offenbach convinced that the light and comic drama was his métier.

Shortly after, he met Herminie Mitchell and fell in love. Mitchell *père*, a London impressario, maintained a home in Paris, and though Herminie was his step-daughter, he was as solicitous for her future happiness and welfare as if she had been his own. And a devoted father would have been doubly doubtful about Offenbach as a son-in-law: a strange-looking creature, tall and extremely thin, long hair, always agitated and trembling, and rightly styled "a knife-blade with a large nose which was always crowned by glasses and a ribbon." Furthermore, as a musician, Offenbach's financial future was questionable. To prove his worth, Offenbach made a concert tour through the provinces in 1844, but even his undeniable success did not reconcile the Mitchells. They tested him again with a round of concerts in England, including a performance before Victoria and Albert; and after this triumph, only one barrier remained: his religion. Mme. Mitchell, Spanish-born, insisted on his conversion to Catholicism, and as Offenbach was indifferent to religion, he readily consented. The wedding took place on August 14, 1844. Despite having won Herminie with demonstrations of platform prowess, both Herminie and Jacques agreed that his future lay in composing for the theater and not as a virtuoso cellist. Her encouragement and strength made the lean years bearable; she did not badger him to return to the concert stage in the hope of prosperity.

If Offenbach ultimately succeeded in the world of comic opera, his exceptional talent, his wife's loyalty, and his persistence were not alone responsible. Offenbach had become completely Parisian; his tastes and pleasures were those of *les dandys*—a word newly born to usage. He dreamt of founding a "boredom insurance company." Unlike a Bach or a Berlioz, Offenbach hoped to entertain without compelling his hearers to exercise their minds.

The world of pleasure in the 1830's was expanding from salon and boudoir to the boulevard, the racetrack, and the club. In an era of rapid economic expansion, more people had money, and they demanded facilities for its squandering. The newly rich were not hampered by any traditions of responsibility or leadership: it was an

age of rampant individualism, of self-indulgence. Here was the Marquis du Hallays-Coëtquen, student of the ballet and a collector of pornography; Lord Henry Seymour, dandy and lover of horses; Dr. Véron, one-time director of the Opéra, later the owner of *Le Constitutionnel*, who directed a coterie at the Café de Paris; Roger de Veauvoir, who also held forth at the Café de Paris in his gilded vests and with his cane of rhinoceros horn; Nestor Roqueplan, the journalist—semidandy, semieccentric intellectual; Lola Montez who danced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theater; and Thérèse Lachmann, the Russian prostitute who became known as La Païva. They and their kind were neither the heart nor the soul of France, but their incredible adventures drew the limelight.

The Revolution of 1848 momentarily put an end to giddiness, and had the Republicans triumphed in the months that followed, frivolity might well have been permanently curbed. French republicanism was tinged with puritanism and had clamped Paris under blue laws in the 1790's. Uncertain of the political future and timid by nature, Offenbach took his wife and child to Cologne, where they remained nearly a year. By 1849, when order had been clearly restored and chaos avoided, Offenbach felt it safe to return.

The Second Republic and Second Empire were a new era in name alone; the essence of the July Monarchy remained. The new spirit of the boulevards during the Monarchy was a sign that Parisians intended to live in their city, not merely work in it; the designs of Baron Haussmann during the Empire, which renovated and modernized, made the city more livable. The spirit of acquisitiveness, more sharply focused by the industrialization of the 1830's and 1840's, remained the spirit of the Empire. And Offenbach, who had not yet scored a major theatrical triumph, could work toward that goal in confidence. Frivolity had not been banished.

Meanwhile, Offenbach was driven to expediency by the pinch of poverty. In 1850 he accepted an offer of six thousand francs a year from Arsène Houssaye to take the direction of the orchestra at the Comédie-Française. Houssaye, manager of the theater, had wearied of the wretched sounds emanating from the pit, and gave Offenbach freedom to revitalize the orchestra. As Offenbach improved the orchestra, he incurred the wrath of the actors, who were unwilling to admit to the theater any excellence other than their own. Month after

month, actors and musicians sabotaged each other's performances until the frail Offenbach was profoundly depressed. His depression deepened in May of 1853, when his one-act musical comedy *The Treasure at Mathurin* failed at the Opéra-Comique.

Five months later, the tide turned favorably. His *Pepito* enjoyed a reasonable success at the Varieties Theater and, soon after, he completed a "dramatic Decameron" of ten dances, each one dedicated to an actress at the Comédie-Française. He also began writing for *L'Artiste*, a journal published by Arsène Houssaye, again because it brought money and not because he aspired to be a critic.

It fell to Florimond Rongé, known as Hervé, to introduce successfully the comic operas which Offenbach contemplated. Using the comic duet and the cancan, later characteristic of Offenbach, Hervé presented a one-act comic opera called *La Gargouillada* at the Palais-Royal Theater, where he was orchestra conductor. It was a parody of Italian grand opera, which brought Hervé the support of the Comte de Morny and a license to open a new theater on the Boulevard du Temple: the Concert Follies, which was renamed the New Follies in 1854. The license allowed one-act productions with two characters, which Hervé occasionally circumvented by adding a "singing corpse" to his cast.

The cancan was the scandal and the rage of the day. It derived from a dance called the *chahut*, discovered during the July Monarchy by soldiers serving in Algeria. In the form we know it today, the cancan might be styled suggestive; in the 1830's the absence of underskirts made the dance explicit. After an invasion of the Varieties Theater by a pack of *jeunesse dorée* led by Lord Henry Seymour, who interrupted the program and entertained a delighted crowd with a wild cancan, the fortune of the dance was made. Vigorous police action against the dance further insured its popularity and longevity.

Offenbach was delighted by Hervé's success and soon took him a manuscript entitled *Oyayaïe or the Queen of the Islands*. Pleased by Offenbach's enthusiasm for the *opéra bouffe*, Hervé agreed to produce the work. It was the story of a double-bass player who, having lost his job, landed in a cannibal country. He was seized by the cannibals, stripped of all but collar, hat, tie, and shoes, and presented to Queen Oyayaïe. Sentenced to satisfy either her love or her hunger, the musician made good his escape by rowing away on his bass.

The government—to digress a moment—licensed theaters through the Ministry of the Interior in the interest of censorship. Primarily the censorship was imposed for the régime's security, but also to please the ecclesiastical authorities, whose support the government cherished. The theatrical manager who adhered to the letter of the law could expect a new license permitting longer productions with larger casts. The evidence suggests that he had to be concerned more with preventing political offenses than with offenses to the public morality.

The production was successful, and Hervé, whose assistance had made Offenbach's entry into *opéra bouffe* possible, soon became jealous of his rival. His jealousy bred ill-health, and by 1856, when Offenbach had scored several triumphs, Hervé was forced to retire temporarily from the theater. In the meantime, Offenbach had taken full advantage of the Exposition of 1855 to consolidate the position won with *Queen Oyayaïe*.

Some weeks before the opening of the Exposition, Offenbach began negotiating for a small theater near the new Palace of Industry, but the competition for the theater was intense owing to its strategic location. He appealed to the actresses to whom he had dedicated dances for support, to Prince Jerome-Napoleon, who had admired one of his dances, and to Morny. The Exposition opened without a decision having been made about the theater, but a few days later Offenbach was authorized by the Ministry of the Interior to present pantomimes and musical comedies. He named the theater the Bouffes-Parisiens and prepared to open in three weeks.

His usual librettists were unwilling to tackle anything new on such short notice. In desperation he went to his former teacher, Fromental Halévy, who sent him on to nephew Ludovic Halévy, an attaché at the Council of State. With the latter's assistance, Offenbach opened on July 5, 1855. The program included a pantomime utilizing Rossini themes, a short bit of rural charm called *The White Night*, and a musical comedy entitled *The Two Blind Men*. Featured were two blind beggars: one a fat trombonist named Patachon, the other a skinny guitarist named Giraffier. The action consisted of a quarrel over a penny which had fallen to the street and cheating at cards in a game to decide which beggar would abandon the coveted spot on a bridge. The game ended when they heard the approaching step of

a "customer" and separated to try for him. Despite the fact that the theater was tiny and supremely uncomfortable, it was sold out night after night.

In December, Offenbach moved the Bouffes-Parisiens to a larger theater on the Champs-Elysées and received a new license authorizing productions with four characters. He opened with a new musical, *Ba-Ta-Clan*, which was set in the Chinese court of a king who had twenty-seven subjects. A parody of Italian opera, *Ba-Ta-Clan* was the first example of a pet Offenbach theme: that political power was a joke and court life buffoonery. Its success was sensational, and he who had mocked grand opera and greatness itself suddenly aspired to write a serious work. He knew himself to be as yet unready, but the goal was set.

By 1857, Offenbach's output was staggering. In that year he wrote twenty operettas, five pantomimes, and several cantatas, while managing productions and conducting rehearsals. As his mastery of form increased, he was inclined to write faster cadences, and worked closely with his librettists in his desire to emphasize efficient, swift action. Vibrant rhythms were his mark, and his spicy tunes and beguiling melodies reveal his genius today as clearly as they did in 1857. A touch of Offenbach still remains the best remedy for a heavy heart.

The same year saw his company's first tour. They played to packed houses in Britain, in Berlin, and in Ems, but despite great success, Offenbach was failing financially. In his enthusiasm for dazzling display, he was spending too much for costumes and décor. His response —made possible by a new license in 1858 permitting him to produce two-act plays—was to write a larger work in the hope of greater profits: *Orpheus in Hades. Orpheus* was written on the run with creditors in pursuit, and Offenbach was further tormented by an unusually slow production by his librettists. Finally completed in October of 1858, it achieved merely a *succès d'estime*, and Offenbach feared it would close after eighty performances.

The plot suggests that *Orpheus* was a parody on Napoleon III and the court at the Tuileries: Jupiter is shown making love to many pretty girls in the full knowledge of his jealous wife, Juno. The remaining gods all imitated the example of the master. Pluto, hoping to escape the punishment due him for the abduction of Eurydice, tries to arouse

the gods against Jupiter, who, wishing to maintain his position at any cost, announces he will lead the gods to Hell, and is thereupon acclaimed by them.

The authors then introduce a character called Public Opinion who represents the social conventions of honor, fidelity, and faith. Public Opinion insists that Orpheus demand that Jupiter arrange the return of his beloved Eurydice. Thanks to a legal loophole, Jupiter forces Orpheus to renounce Eurydice and to disappear along with Public Opinion. The moral seems to be that the great and powerful can ride roughshod over Public Opinion with impunity. Finally, the Olympians of the court agree to tread on social conventions. Bending spinelessly to Jupiter's will, they espouse the dissolute life and sink into drunkenness on the road to Hell.

Six weeks after the opening, an article appeared in the *Journal des Débats* by Jules Janin who was ordinarily friendly to Offenbach's gay productions. He termed *Orpheus* "blasphemous" in accusing Offenbach of profaning "holy and glorious antiquity"; but he saved the show by qualifying it as morally outrageous. Attendance rose instantly, and *Orpheus* ran for 228 performances instead of closing after eighty. In April, 1860, the Emperor commanded a special performance which, alone, netted Offenbach 22,000 francs and a note of thanks from His Majesty for "an unforgettable evening."

To honor the success of *Orpheus*, Offenbach gave a costume party. The invitations revealed his puckish wit. Guests were asked to wear historical costumes, but those wearing antediluvian costumes would be admitted only with special reservation. Upon payment of five francs, guests would be entitled to be called "My Prince" for the evening, "*Monsieur le Duc*" for four francs seventy-five, "My General" for three francs, "Dear Master" for two francs fifteen, and "Old Girl" for one franc. "My dear, Dear little girl, or other pickings for fifteen centimes, and assorted small terms of endearment at a just price."

In the years before 1870, Wagner was more controversial than popular in Paris. Offenbach detested his work and, in the *Carnival of Reviews* (1860), made his sentiments known. He opened the skit with Wagner surrounded by Mozart, Gluck, and Weber, telling them that their music was fit only for dogs. Then the "musician of the future" presented two examples of his best work: a *Symphony of the Future*, whose themes he enumerated loudly as they progressed, and

the *Tyrolian of the Future*, which was a burlesque of Tyrolian songs orchestrated and roared in Wagnerian fashion.

The following spring, the presentation of *Tannhäuser* under the sponsorship of the Emperor and Princess von Metternich, the Austrian Ambassadress, produced a celebrated riot despite the support given Wagner from the crown. The gentlemen of the Jockey-Club, who patronized opera for its ballet (they preferred good legs to voices), insisted that the ballet appear in the second act of an opera, as their busy lives rarely permitted their arrival at the Opéra for the first act. Wagner put the ballet of *Tannhäuser* in the first act, and for this sin the gentlemen led a demonstration which assured the opera's failure. The renown of this incident, however, has obscured the prior failures of Wagner's works in Paris, which were achieved without benefit of the Jockey-Club.

If the French ultimately began to see merit in Wagner, Offenbach never did. Nor did Wagner approve of Offenbach. He wrote of Offenbach's music that it "released the odor of manure from where all the pigs of Europe had come to wallow," and only in old age did he relent to the point of comparing Offenbach to Mozart.

Wagner aside, Offenbach was favorably disposed towards the leading composers of his day. In the case of Rossini and Meyerbeer, the regard was mutual, but Berlioz and Saint-Saëns were sharply critical of Offenbach. When Offenbach read the memoirs of Berlioz, he made many caustic marginal notes revealing that he was stung by Berlioz's hostility, but he never deviated from his belief that Berlioz was the first composer of the age. In 1854, when the Academy saw fit to pass over Berlioz in electing Clapisson, an indignant Offenbach praised Berlioz in an article in *L'Artiste*. Later, when Berlioz was elected to the Academy, Offenbach wrote, "It was merited."

After five years of outstanding music-hall successes, Offenbach was himself recognized as a composer of merit. Eighteen-sixty, the year Offenbach became naturalized, the Opéra-Comique asked him to produce a new work for Christmas Eve. He presented *Barkouf*, which called for a dog on stage and music which imitated the barking of a dog; rather impolitic for a debut at the Opéra-Comique. The piece failed, and the press wrote of his "*chiennerie*" (shamelessness). A later attempt to revive *Barkouf* using a cow instead of a dog fared no better.

Successes were the rule, however, and not failures. Beginning

in 1857, he went annually to Ems. The international set adored his productions, and once, in a week's time, he wrote *Lieschen et Fritzchen* on a bet, which used Alsatian dialect as well as French and German. These trips gave him opportunity to take the waters for his rheumatism and gout from which he would suffer the rest of his life. Offenbach was popular in Vienna, too, which led the Imperial Opera to commission a grand opera. Having always hoped to crown his career with a serious opera, Offenbach eagerly accepted the commission. His *Rhine Fairies* was presented in February, 1864, and the Viennese press was unanimous in recommending his return to operetta. All was not lost, however, as he later salvaged the Elfs' song from this production, renaming it the Barcarole.

Offenbach's greatest success to date had been *Orpheus*. The galling failure in Vienna moved him to return to antiquity for a new theme: Helen of Troy. *La Belle Hélène* was a logical successor to *Orpheus* in that the latter was a picture of high society giving itself over to frivolity and drink, while *La Belle Hélène* suggested the resulting catastrophe. Offenbach gives us a Helen who has become bored with the unending gaiety and who seeks escape in love. Thus she becomes easy prey for her seducer: Paris. The Greek kings are little better than imbeciles, while the augur, obviously representing the clergy, is indifferent to maintaining even the appearance of piety. The summing up is done by Orestes who strides along a Spartan boulevard, surrounded by women, and sings:

> With these women Orestes
> Makes papa's money dance;
> Papa laughs, however, as
> It is Greece who will pay.

A majority of the critics again disapproved the profaning of the antique, but the public agreed with Henri Rochefort and Jules Vallès that *La Belle Hélène* deserved applause. It enjoyed a long run in Paris and succeeded in Berlin and Vienna as well. In fact, the successful use of classical figures made Offenbach suspect that contemporary subjects might well fail. Thus his astonishment the following year (1866) when his *La Vie Parisienne* was acclaimed. His success did not derive from locale, but from his mastery of the comic opera form.

As Offenbach's fame dated from the Exposition of 1855, he sought to exploit the Exposition of 1867 in the hope of a greater triumph and needed profits. He prepared *The Grand-Duchess of Gerolstein* to open coincidentally with the Exposition; a parody on absolute power, it also joked about war. The piece featured General Boum, whose bravery was equalled by his incapacity. His battle plan, presented to the Supreme War Council, was a compilation of the comic elements of real war, and he periodically fired his pistol into the air that he might take snuff by breathing the odor of gunpowder. His ignorance of the causes of the war for which he was preparing made his enthusiasm for the war ridiculous, but no more ridiculous than the actual cause: Baron Puck, councillor to the Grand Duchess, wanted a new distraction. Meanwhile, the Grand Duchess raised a gunner named Fritz to be a general, because she loved him, and then reduced him because he remained loyal to his Wanda.

Napoleon III viewed the spectacle on April 24, twelve days after the opening, giving the audience the double fascination of the farce and His Majesty's reaction to it. He was seen to laugh and smile, but also to wind the tips of his mustache—ever the sign of his perplexity. Alexander II, coming for the Exposition, telegraphed ahead from Cologne to his ambassador in Paris to reserve him a seat. He had heard that the court of Gerolstein was a parody on the court of Russia and wished to check on it personally; but Bismarck, who saw the *Grand Duchess* a few days later, saw the locale in the petty courts of Germany and found it hilarious.

Offenbach's good fortune rapidly faded after 1867, his dominance in *opéra bouffe* dating between the two Expositions. Some critics have theorized that Offenbach's decline was wrought by the increasingly serious international situation which made frivolity unseemly; another suggests that Offenbach was outmoded by the swing towards Liberal Empire; that is, that facing the "realities of democracy" finished the "sense of unreality" characteristic of the Second Empire. Such notions are incorrect, because they do not account for the new successes of Hervé and Lecocq which began in 1868.

Offenbach had been working at a furious pace for many years. By 1868, new ideas were coming hard, and the continual encroachment of rheumatism made him peevish. Thus, working with him to

perfect productions became increasingly difficult as the quality of the raw material declined.

The outbreak of war in 1870 found Offenbach taking the waters at Ems. He left immediately for Etretat. As the war went unfavorably for France, Offenbach grew increasingly nervous about Prussian accusations that he had written anti-German songs—which was untrue. But he had, in 1862, written a hymn entitled "God Save the Emperor," so that after the Empire's fall, he feared the French more than the Prussians. Deciding on a temporary exile as in 1848, he sent his family to San Sebastian and divided his time between Spain and Italy. His suffering was two fold: he regretted his Prussian birth and the collapse of his reputation in Paris. Imagine his humiliation when the returning Prussian troops were honored with a production of *La Vie Parisienne* in Berlin!

In 1871 Offenbach went to Vienna for the production of his *Les Brigands*, and in August he ventured into Paris to direct its performance. He found himself unwelcome; simultaneously he was accused of being an unwitting agent of Bismarck's success (diverting the public's attention from reality) and an ardent Bonapartist. It was true, of course, that he had been raised to the Legion of Honor in 1861 and, thus, was compromised in the eyes of many Republicans.

Politics alone, however, cannot be blamed for Offenbach's decline. He had lost his genius for lively tunes, and his wit seemed dulled. *Le Roi Carotte* (King Carrot) succeeded in 1872 only because it was a spectacle, and his *Fantasio* failed miserably, as did *Corsaire Noir* in Vienna. Recognizing that he was finished if he did not either produce spectacles featuring nudity or raise operetta to the level of true light opera in the style of Lecocq, Offenbach chose the former. He exhumed *Orpheus in Hades*, reworked it to remove the satire, and presented in February, 1873, "an exhibition of legs and décor." It was successful.

He then turned to the alternative: the light opera. He wrote *La Jolie Parfumeuse* (the Pretty Perfumer), which had over two hundred performances beginning in late 1873. Certain that he had regained his magic touch, he sank 360,000 francs into the production of *La Haine* (The Grudge). Utter failure left him with a staggering debt. Worse, new names had obscured his. By 1875, Wagner was

growing in popularity, Strauss enjoyed sensational success in Paris, and Bizet had just presented his opera *Carmen*.

An offer to conduct at the Philadelphia Exposition seemed to be his salvation, and in the hope of great profits, he sailed for New York in August, 1876. Enthusiastically received in New York, where he produced open-air concerts, Offenbach went on to a triumph in Philadelphia, but when it came time to sail for home (July of 1877), he was depressed by the knowledge that France was safely Republican.

All his professional life Offenbach had been ambitious to write a grand opera, but his Viennese fiasco in 1864 suggested that the dream would be unfulfilled. Yet, in 1877, he began work on another opera, because he felt the approach of death; it would be a fantastic opera in memory of his own fantastic life: *The Tales of Hoffman*. The producers all were shy, remembering the financial losses from *La Haine*, but in the meantime a military operetta called *La Fille du Tambour-major* (Daughter of the Regiment) scored an unexpected success in 1879-80.

Offenbach's infirmity increased. On the morning of October 4, 1880, sitting in bed with the manuscript of *The Tales of Hoffman* before him, he suffered a heart attack which he was confident would be fatal. Death came the following morning to deprive him of the happiness of seeing his dream opera produced.

*The Tales of Hoffman* opened the following February 10 at the Opéra-Comique and won rousing applause. A similar success was achieved in Vienna, but on the second night—just before curtain time—the Ringtheater burned down, which gave rise to a superstitious fear of the opera. In consequence, many theaters have refused to produce it. More than Offenbach could have known, he had fashioned a fitting memorial: a fantastic story, vivacious music, a brilliant setting—all overshadowed by death and fear.

# *We Note - - - -*

## *AN ALPINE VIEW OF NEUTRALITY*

"Immoral and shortsighted" was was the way John Foster Dulles characterized neutrality last June. He called it "a principle which pretends that a nation can best gain safety for itself by being indifferent to the fate of others." Mr. Dulles was apparently seeking to correct the impression created by some words spoken by President Eisenhower a few days before. The President declared he could understand why some nations would follow a neutral policy. It did not mean that they were neutral between right and wrong, but that they wished to avoid military alliances, just as the United States itself had done for so long. Mr. Dulles insisted that he and the President actually saw eye to eye on neutrality and that the seeming disagreement was merely semantic.

In any discussion of neutrality Switzerland has a contribution to make. For the Swiss, neutrality is more than a time-hallowed policy. For over a century it has been a national preoccupation. Swiss neutrality has been assailed as immoral by French emigrés who wanted the Swiss to join the coalition against the French Revolution and by Mazzinian republicans who wanted to enlist the Swiss in a crusade against royalist Europe. But the Swiss insist that their neutrality does not mean moral abdication. They have maintained their democracy without fighting in any wars to make the world safe for democracy, and they have found ways of supporting western values without joining any military alliances. Their actions during the Hungarian crisis provide the most recent evidence that they can remain neutral without being indifferent to the fate of others.

The Swiss government was one of the first to censure the Soviet intervention in Hungary in a public declaration made on November 4. Once before, in similar circumstances, the Swiss government had criticized Hitler's seizure of Austria, but the pronouncement on Hungary was more forceful. It reflected the sense of indignation which the whole country felt. Resolutions condemning the Soviet Union were passed by official bodies, by church groups, and by associations as diverse as those of librarians, doctors, and Boy Scout executives. A number of these resolutions demanded that diplomatic

relations with the Soviet Union be severed, and petitions to the same effect were circulated. Despite counsel from newspaper editors and the vigilance of policemen, there were demonstrations in front of Soviet diplomatic offices in both Berne and Geneva. At Berne the crowd sang the Beresinalied, first sung by Swiss soldiers taking part in Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Throughout Switzerland a three-minute period of silence was observed in mournful tribute to the Hungarian rebels.

The Swiss were also among the first to send aid. Swiss Red Cross officials were almost immediately on the spot to distribute relief supplies in Hungary and later in Austria. As in other western countries, collections of blood, clothing and money were made everywhere. Scheduled balls were called off and the funds used for relief. Switzerland was the first country to announce that it would welcome Hungarian refugees, and the number was set at 10,000, half as many as the United States was prepared to accept. Students were in the forefront of relief activities. University students in Geneva took over a city tram and sold rides to raise money, while those of Zurich requested an increase in tuition fees in order to support students from Hungary.

How do all the anti-Soviet manifestations square with traditional Swiss neutrality? The Swiss answer by making a distinction between neutralism and neutrality. Neutralism, they say, is a matter of opinion, neutrality a matter of policy. They characterize neutralism as an attitude that it does not matter who wins out in the ideological struggle, the western world or the communists. It may be summed up in the pithy phrase of the German neutralists, *ohne mich*, which has been liberally rendered, "deal me out."

The Swiss are definitely on the side of the West. Far from calling for "a plague on both their houses," they hate and fear Soviet communism. The Swiss press was critical of the Anglo-French action in Egypt, but nowhere was the neutralist parallel drawn between this and the Soviet intervention in Hungary. It must be admitted, in fact, that the anti-Soviet sympathies of the Swiss led them to a much greater concern for the Hungarian than for the Egyptian victims of these events.

"Perpetual and armed neutrality," in the official phrase, is a diplomatic policy, a policy which keeps the Swiss not only out of NATO but out of the Council of Europe and even the United Nations. It is fortified by over three centuries of national experience and international agreements. The Swiss were led to neutrality through the force of circumstances, not because of any distaste for fighting. They love the lusty warriors portrayed so often by the national painter Hodler, and they like to recall the brave exploits of

Swiss mercenaries who fought in other people's battles. Their neutrality policy was crystallized during the great religious wars of the seventeenth century, when participation on either side could only have led to the dissolution of the Swiss Confederation, composed as it was of both Protestant and Catholic cantons. The existence of similar circumstances helped keep multinational Switzerland out of the Franco-German wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Moreover, the bitter experiences of the Napoleonic Wars showed the Swiss that when they failed to maintain their neutrality, their country became a battlefield.

Concern for national survival was always the chief motive for the neutrality policy, although the Swiss have not objected to the economic benefits which have come to them as a by-product. They have perhaps felt a little uncomfortable about making money while Europe burned, and this may have contributed to their very generous support for relief undertakings after the last war. But the Swiss honestly feel that their neutrality serves a higher end than their own self-interest in enabling them to carry on humanitarian services all over the world.

In refusing to break relations with the Soviet Union, the Swiss government declared that it must remain faithful to the principle of universality in its relations with all governments, whatever the regime in power and whether the Swiss people approved its actions or not. "It is thanks to this universality," the foreign minister said, "that we as a neutral country are able to discharge humanitarian tasks in conflicts or tense and dangerous situations." He then referred to the services of Swiss diplomats in the Middle East who took over the representation of French and British interests after the attack and who were also able to give some help to Jews in Egypt and elsewhere.

Neutrality makes Switzerland an ideal site for international conferences and a likely seat for many international agencies. Conflicts have been ended there from the Anglo-American *Alabama* controversy after our Civil War to the recent Indo-China War. The "Spirit of Locarno" in the 1920's meant the same thing as the "Spirit of Geneva" did for a briefer period in the 1950's. Geneva, of course, is the city of internationalism *par excellence*, selected for the headquarters of the League of Nations over Brussels by President Wilson because of Swiss neutrality, and now the European center of the United Nations and the world headquarters of over forty other international agencies. When one thinks of all the services for man carried out in these peaceful mountains, involving everything from refugees, war relief, and epidemics, to postage stamps, the Geo-Physical Year, and

labor regulations, one is inclined to feel that if Switzerland did not exist, it would have been necessary to create it.

As a center of internationalism, why is not Switzerland a member of the United Nations? The Swiss joined the League of Nations, but only with the reservation that their neutrality be respected. As for the UN they say that their neutrality would not be consistent with obligations under the charter to participate in collective action against an aggressor. And they ask what advantage their membership would mean for either themselves or the UN. In fact, they would no longer be available for such tasks as the UN can confide to them at present. In December, 1956, for example, the Assembly approved the appointment of a Swiss citizen to the difficult post of High Commissioner for Refugees. Moreover, many Swiss feel that the UN is not an adequate vehicle for internationalism, that too often it is either an instrument for Great Power policies or else paralyzed by Great Power conflicts. They have been very critical of the UN's impotence in the Hungarian crisis. In the Middle East affair the Swiss did put Swiss-Air transports at the service of the UN police troops, but that was as far as they would go.

Nevertheless, the Swiss feel that they have perhaps a greater stake in world peace than many other countries. A tiny land-locked country, Switzerland can breathe economically only when its borders are open for food and tourists to move in and Swiss cheese and watches to move out. Thus two days after its criticism of the Soviet leaders, the Swiss government invited them to meet on Swiss soil with the leaders of the other Great Powers in another summit conference to settle their differences. In view of the Swiss government's outspoken lack of confidence in the Kremlin, this move bore striking witness to the Swiss belief that no matter what happens, it is better to talk than to shoot. And interestingly enough, the conspicuous absence of neutralist sentiment in Switzerland did not prevent the Soviet leaders from accepting the invitation.

Another step which revealed Swiss anxiety about peace is not so generally known. After the Soviet intervention in Hungary the Swiss government actually ordered some preliminary steps to mobilization. Since then the government has exploited the situation to resist pressure for cutting the military budget. Three per cent of the national income is spent on defense, and the Swiss pride themselves on being able to mobilize one-fifth of their population in a few days. The government spokesman repeated the old line, "Our army is the instrument of our independence." But Swiss independence in World War II was guaranteed not so much by the young recruits one meets in

the summertime playing soldier in the mountains, but because Hitler knew only too well that if he made a move against the Swiss, they could at a moment's notice blow up his vital connection with Italy. And Swiss neutrality had economic uses for him as well.

It is rather Switzerland's geography and policy of neutrality which is her shield against aggression. The citizen-soldier with his rifle over the fireplace would not be much use in an atomic war. But perhaps he serves his country more effectively as a symbol of the Swiss will to survive than he ever could on one of today's battlefields. And we must remember that the Swiss are concerned not with survival alone, but with the survival of those values which have come to be associated with freedom. It is only if their political neutrality were to become moral neutralism that Switzerland would really be in danger, and the Swiss reaction to the events in Hungary gives ample assurance that their moral fibre is as tough as ever.

IRWIN ABRAMS

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# *Books* - - - -

## *TEN POETS: RARE TO OVERDONE*

*Villa Narcisse*. By Katherine Hoskins. Noonday Press, 1956. 94 pp., $3.

*A Word Carved on a Sill*. By John Wain. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1956. 54 pp. 10/6.

*Some Watercolors from Venice*. By S. P. Dunn. The Coalbin Press, 1956. 77 pp., $2.

"The Green Town: Poems," in *Poets of Today, III*. By Joseph Langland. Scribner's, 1956. 60 pp., $3.95.

*Talking Bronco*. By Roy Campbell. Regnery, 1956. 91 pp., $2.50.

*New and Selected Poems*. By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press, 1956. 143 pp., $3.95.

*In Defense of the Earth*. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions, 1956. 93 pp., $3.

*In the Winter of Cities*. By Tennessee Williams. New Directions, 1956. 117 pp., $3.50.

*Poems Old and New*. By John Hall Wheelock. Scribner's, 1956. 201 pp., $3.50.

*In the Rose of Time*. By Robert Fitzgerald. New Directions, 1956. 150 pp., $3.

Revision, a second look at the orange flash, is about due for the whole orgasmic display of twentieth-century poetry. This review—relax—will not undertake that, but the mood of revision is necessary as one is inundated by the brilliance which our times have made so, well, easy. I will have to bypass a number of brilliant books, the product of this year, on the basis of some old-fashioned and philistine principles. I propose to talk negatively about most of those I do discuss—although I know that is not quite fair. I propose to talk out of the context of our times. Worse, I propose to apply some cracker-barrel standards to books much too refined to deserve such soiled survey.

For example, when I read a stanza like the following,

> The heirs and disinherited make league,
> Offer security and fun;
> With their adorable not human
> Beguile the weary self attention
> And monkey-parrot all your piles of fruit . . .

I have decided stoutly not to feel inferior. What looks to be heavy, bad, obscure writing, I shall regard as *being* heavy, bad, obscure writing. What looks to be incoherent I shall regard as incoherent. When the same poet, in another poem, writes

> Great-visioned Ralegh also turned him back
> Before the last bend
> To the angry queen, as knowing who gold lack
> Must guilt her knife
> With all his life . . .

I will count affectation (the poet is not Elizabethan), pidgin English, corny pun and tortured idiom as failings, not experiments. If the poetry is so bad, you ask, why bother? Because the poet, Katherine Hoskins, is one of those "coming" poets, published by a good house, taken by the right periodicals, praised by the right people. Moreover, when she occasionally ascends to lucidity, she seems to have something to say. In short, she is a talented, sensitive poet who has been badly educated by the innovations of the twentieth-century (by now tawdry with wear). Since I have been so harsh, I feel obliged to specify. Here is a sonnet,

> THE MUNICIPAL SWIMMING POOL
>
> Safe in their sterilized and glass-clear element,
> the smaller-sized suburban citizens perform
> their antics. They dive, they swim the trudgen, back-stroke,
> side in perfect unison. Their cheery laughter's
> timed with coach's whistle. And yet, there's one . . .
>
> Who rests a bloody head against the drain
> and clings with battered nails, be-dazed from scrabbling
> fifty feet of naked concrete box
> for kelp and sea-urchins he's never seen?
> What bruised and bloody child has looked for snails
> on rosy rocks and knows that somewhere green
> and purple currents merge, and the pale fishes graze?
> O, lift him out and throw him to the sea.
> Rescue and death for him will be the same.

Because this lacks the affectation and indirection of most of her poems, she would probably not, herself, regard it as one of her best. Lines three and four are ordinary and dull, suggesting that the poem isn't a work of love. But it is not for such lines that I find it annoying.

A child, drowned in a swimming pool, died because he was looking for something we might call "naturalness"—some escape from the sterile conformity of this civilized perversion of swimming in a concrete pool.

Now, isn't this rot? It is so easy to arouse anti-civilization, anti-bourgeois sentiments, to draw us to the horror of the child's drowning, the loveliness of nature, that one forgets the maudlin overstatement of the last lines: that it would be as well for the child to die as to be saved for a life in this concrete box of civilization. Sensationalism and irresponsibility—and the evidences of real poetic merit (e.g., "the pale fishes graze") are all the shabbier for decorating a play for stock responses.

In other poems she is preoccupied with the South as the dream one must outgrow, with the role of woman (who, for example, will "whore it in the wheat" if denied a real function in a masculine world), with the restriction and death implicit in love, the danger and loneliness of freedom, the heartlessness of children—many interesting themes, rendered with a strong sense of drama and of image, but, as I have suggested, almost always uncritically sentimental (I guess there is no other way) and unnecessarily twisted in expression. It is going to be a dark and complicated age, she seems to imply, if I have to turn out the lights myself.

Quite at the other extreme is John Wain, an English poet whose first volume is *A Word Carved on a Sill*. His virtues are neoclassic cleverness, flatness, clarity and epigrammatic compression. His faults are neoclassic moralism, unrelieved, sometimes, by wit, and monotony. He wears thin, but in almost every poem gets off a line that is, in the best sense, quotable. In the villanelle, for example, "Gentleman Aged Five Before the Mirror," he swings all his weight on the simple first and last lines of this stanza:

> It tells you what you do but never why,
> Your image in the glass that watches you:
> You cannot catch it napping if you try.

Surprisingly, the lines can bear the weight: complexity builds through the poem as the mirror comes to mean science on the one hand ("It is no use to tell the glass a lie; / It answers just as if your words were true.") and religion on the other ("Suppose you cross your heart and hope to die, / It silently replies, *I hope so too.*") between which man, the childish gentleman, is trapped, foolishly finding truth in the echo, never learning why. Wain has little sense of image, sometimes lets himself be silly (e.g., "Confusions of the Alphabet") but has such a sure grasp of idiom and perception of unexpected, homely universals that I was grateful for him, relieved to be free of clutter.

After picking up book after book, each discouragingly as pedigreed as that of Katherine Hoskins, I begin to doubt my taste. Then an unlikely one, S. P. Dunn (a new name to me), published by something called the

Coalbin Press, comes through: from the first words of the book he speaks with clear authority; he takes control of the clay on his table,

> I honor the memory of all those who in these years
> Died doing the right thing, but were mistaken,
> And of those who deserted the right thing, torn and shaken
> As it became the wrong thing. . . .

The skillful spondees, the direct, responsible concern with a major theme, all speak out refreshingly. No hocus-pocus, but clean art; no gush, but a sympathetic understanding of man's condition, symbolized in the bondage of Sancho Panza, who must follow Don Quixote,

> As simple flesh must follow speaking brain
> Until it learns to speak, as world must follow
>
> What is not world. . . .

He is not an even performer. The title poem, "Some Watercolors from Venice," struck me as pretentious, although, of course, scattered with good things. But to find him is to be reassured that here and there people are writing sense. It does not qualify the experience to realize that there is a lot of Milton and Browning and others reflected here: good springs all have similar water.

Some of that water is in Joseph Langland's "The Green Town." He is a nature poet—and it is difficult for urbanites to keep going through various kinds of birds and flowers and trees to make out what he has to say to us: he permits himself too many words and, for my taste, too much sheer naming. But he has the exactness of phrase (a snake's "neural sandals of no sound," an old lady, "Ornate with vague ambiguous ennui," minnows in a pool, "Shifting their golden flecks in that bright eye") and a mastery of form which enable him to say good things tightly. A Negro park attendant is trying to feed "a little cloud of sparrows" but the droves of doves are bolder:

> With padded treads
> Their jackhammer heads
> Gobbled his table crumbs.
> He shooed and ridiculed them off. But shame
>
> Has no distinct equation, moves
> No doves, or, for that matter,
> Birds. So the alarms
> Of his black arms
> Served but the more to scatter
> The scrawny sparrows, fatten the clucking doves.

Such a classic paradox, wittily rendered, in a concrete situation, with plot deepened by metaphor, is representative of his best work.

While addressing myself to the classic virtues, I think I should mention Roy Campbell, whom I had known before *Talking Bronco* only as a translator. This is a Regnery book—definitely so: punctuated with blasts at leagues of pinko poets and publishers who, judging from what Campbell says, are a bloodthirsty lynch mob out to get him, held back only by their mob cowardice and terror at the spectacle of the Bronco (Campbell):

> With teeth, like bullets fastened in their clips,
> To chew the thunder and to spit the pips,
> Ejecting from the breech, in perfect time,
> The shells of meter and the shucks of rhyme,
> Yet drive the thoughts with perforating aim
> Like tracer-bullets on their threads of flame.

One can't help admiring the crusty bravado and energy of this book—albeit little more than McCarthyism with art. Cruder and narrower than Pope, he has something of Pope's felicity of epithet and acidity of insight. Like Pope, he has developed a sinewy, closed, balanced line. And he shares Pope's paranoia regarding his Grub Street enemies. The classic virtues do not save one from assininity, but they make it more open (hence more innocent) and tougher (hence more worthy of notice.)

His opposite number, in many ways, is Kenneth Fearing, who is still plugging away at seedy America with a murder on every other page. His poetry is much the same as always, although, in what I take to be his latest poems, with more indirection and obscurity. In this collection he provides a long invective of an introduction, all about the Investigation and the public-relations phoniness of much of the mass literature of our times, wrought to comply with the social lie. What he says is all stimulating enough but repeated and repeated obsessively, proving nothing so much as that the '30's are not dead—or that they are.

Poets should avoid prose as they should I.Q. tests. So long as they break their writing up into short lines, no one, in good taste, examines their ideas very strenuously. Yeats can see spectres, Pound and Eliot and Cummings can get away with the most outrageous distortions of modern experience, provided they attend the decorum of a semblance of form. But in prose, nonsense is nonsense. And a second-rate social analyst is a second-rate social analyst. Nothing Fearing has to say about conformity, suppression of individuality, spiritual deadness in our brave new world, is very original, or, in his prose, much worth reading.

There is a shade of difference, however, between his prose and his prosy poetry—and the shade is significant. As a bard, as a cataloguer of our

times, as one who demonstrates, documents, the *feeling* of conformity and spiritual deadness, he is a remarkable and individual poet. His verse is coarse-grained, formless, overstated, illumined by almost no metaphor, but although I disapprove of what he is doing in the name of poetry, I go on reading—and am really touched by the evocative detail, the hard humor, and, above all, the pervading compassion he feels even for those he hates:

> And wow he died as wow he lived,
> Going whop to the office and blooie home to sleep and biff got
> married and bam had children and oof got fired,
> Zowie did he live and zowie did he die.

or:

> Understanding death, but knowing something worse than death
> is there, present in the blood.
> Or in the unsteady tendons. Or is it the nerves? The joints.
> The teeth. The hair. The clumsy limbs. Perhaps the soul—
> We have had so much contact with one another, each has been
> so often exposed to each,
> The dangers of this contamination are so very great, so terrible—
> O Doctor, Doctor, Doctor—

Poetry like Fearing's, deriving from the bardic tradition of Whitman and Sandburg, is characterized by not only a loose-jointed form, but by a self-consciously familiar idiom and a catalog-approach to experience. It has something in common with (and may have inspired) certain trends in modern advertising and in the quasi-poetic drama of the radio renaissance (Norman Corwin, Arch Oboler, et al). I am sure these writers would be shocked to see their names in the same paragraph, but it seems to be that Kenneth Rexroth and Tennessee Williams, among those with current volumes, are allied to the same tradition.

Rexroth does not use the sea-wave line at all. So far as I can determine from his usual practice, he sets his margins to contain six, seven or eight syllable lines and calls what he composes therein poetry. As such it is minimal, with only the faintest charge of imagination, rhythm, intensity, metaphor or any other poetic appurtenances:

> Let me celebrate you. I
> Have never known anyone
> More beautiful than you. . . . etc.

Notice, too, that it is Positive. It represents, I think, an earnest and laudable attempt to reach people: Rexroth reads it, I understand, to thumping crowds of enthusiasts on the West Coast. Some of the poems, he says, were "written for jazz orchestra" (which, I assume, supplied the beat).

He dares us to call his work prose. One piece is named, "They Say This Isn't a Poem," and it is clear why that's what they say. It goes, in part:

> The only order of nature
> Is the orderly relation
> Of one person to another.
> Non-personal relations
> Are by nature chaotic.
> Personal relations are
> The pattern through which we see
> Nature as systematic.

In a "Codicil" he lays out his rationale plainly. The poem is too long to quote entirely, but you can get the flavor:

> Most of the world's poetry
> Is artifice, construction.
> No one reads it but scholars.
> After a generation
> It has grown so overcooked,
> It cannot be digested.
> There is little I haven't
> Read, and dreary stuff it was.
> Lamartine—Gower—Tasso—
> Or the metaphysicals
> Of Cambridge, ancient or modern
> And their American apes. . . .

He goes on to make a charge that the "ruling/Class of English poetry" is impersonal (a fantastic remark), that the pronoun I is somehow too embarrassing for poets to use. I don't know who recommended Lamartine, Gower and Tasso to him as representatives of the world's poetry, or what metaphysicals he has been reading, be they Donne or Herbert or John Crowe Ransom, but he read badly if he found them impersonal and is suffering delusions if he imagines that his seven-syllable marginalia will outlast them.

But he has touched the core of a problem. Artifice somehow seems (to Puritans and red-blooded Americans) an enemy of honesty. While one could hardly ask for a more personal and unabashed expression of self than the *Dunciad* or the pentameter bucking of the Bronco, there is a tendency, I think only in our country, to believe that if it is formal it is a trick.

On the other hand, as a culture, we seem never to have learned that the "we're just folks" barefoot and hairy-fisted routine is more often than not a symptom of duplicity. While I am not at all sure that honesty is necessary to good poetry (which got its start, after all, as fiction, story-telling), I am sure that honesty is reconcilable with art—or, if you will,

artifice. Wasn't it Quakerish of Whitman to unclothe his poetry and stick it in our faces? Here, by God, is the real *me*. I don't mean to sneer: I am a great admirer of Whitman—and I enjoyed Rexroth's book. But I think it hasn't been sufficiently noticed that in poetry, as elsewhere, presumed frankness is the favorite ploy of the salesman, and that we are so gullible to its charms in this country because of a deep-rooted streak of anti-aestheticism.

Williams is quite another case. He is a sensual, free, unfocused writer, much attracted to symbolism and not averse to obscurity. His strength is intensity of feeling, searching images that uncover like overturned stones the pulse of blind white life beneath our perceptions. That may be his weakness, too: that he is always turning that stone. A two-page, long-line poem dwells upon a boy with his hand in his pocket; it ends:

> the hot white fingers unclose, they come unknotted and they extend
> slightly sidewise, to offer again their gesture of reassurance
> to that part of him, crestfallen, on which he depends
> for the dark room he longs to sleep in,
>
> the way small animals nudge one another at night,
> as though to whisper, *We're close! There is still no danger!*

The psychological observation is provocative enough: but it is rendered, well, sloppily, with too many words, too rich with reference, too meandering in rhythm. What difference does it make—as we are told earlier, that he took his hand out of a "blue jacket" before he put it in "grey pants" of "glazed material"? The word *crestfallen* in the quoted passage is strikingly clever, with its subdued reference to a cock, its hidden image of inert flesh; but what has it to do with the statement? There is nothing in the poem for "that part of him" to be crestfallen about—and the suggestion of dejection is irresponsibly out of tone with the comfy quality of the ending. The art is negated: what emerges is no more than the psychological observation.

I suppose there is a libertine as well as a puritan element in the formlessness of such verse. Williams would benefit greatly from a rigid ideal of discipline which would shake its finger at him and say "mustn't do." In fact, he does. He gives us several formal verses in this book, notably a very convincing group of folksy ballads, which control him and show him at his best.

I don't mean to suggest that form can make poetry any more than formlessness can destroy it. John Hall Wheelock, a pure and thin poet of the old school, has presented us with a collection: faint, delicate, archaic. His poems do not succeed, for me, in emerging from their ordinary rhymes and their patently "poetic" material. It is almost unkind to read the earlier

sections of this collection, far as we now are from the years in which they were composed. But even among the recent poems we have this sort of thing:

OUT OF A CLOUD

Suddenly the morning sun looks out at me
And I start up from sombre reverie,
The light of a god upon me from afar—
Pierced by great light, the glory of a star.
Out of a cloud, in kindness, suddenly
A god has looked at me.

This is very nearly newspaper verse; or am I missing something? I hesitate to be disrespectful of a man who seems to have meant a great deal to the literary world, but except for a rare phrase (e.g. "the gull . . . on equal wing"), he seems to me trite. He states his platform in "Please Turn Off the Moonlight":

Poet, aim to be smart,
Be clever and satiric,
Erudite, above all,
And never stoop to sing;
Reject the human heart,
Be witty, never lyric,
Verse should be visual—
And all that sort of thing.
*A profile like that of a Greek monkey.*

Sounds peevish. He goes on to satirize unnamed modern poets for being unfeeling, impersonal (who *are* all these impersonal poets?), morbid, humorless, unrhythmic, obscure and derivative. Well, many are. But the antitheses of these qualities, if Wheelock's own verse is an example, do not make the magic compound.

I will close with a brief consideration of Robert Fitzgerald, who far outclasses the other poets considered in this review. As I said of S. P. Dunn, the experience of picking up this book is to feel immediately the poet's command of his medium. One relaxes, as in the chair of a skillful dentist, knowing it will hurt but trusting the strong sure hand. The first poem, dating from the early '30's, has this stanza:

From hill to pasture moans the snow.
The farms hug tight
Their shaking ribs against the blow.
There is no mercy in this night
Nor scruple to its wrath. The dead
Sleep light this wind being overhead.

The pacing—climaxed by the hesitancy of the last line—is excellent and the sounds are molded carefully and smoothed out of sight. I have the impression of a wind-blown quality throughout the book. Partly this arises from the fact that he paints the wind with skill:

> Air that was tender in the calms of summer
> And touched the shining heads of waves and children
> Veers like a runner on the serious sea.

But that is not entirely the reason. His poetry is characterized by open sounds and scenes, the long resonance of simple, euphonious words—except where he wants a sudden, special effect:

> By the kicking rifle's shot a climber hit
> In crablike sacklike slide and puppet's tumble
> Dusts his flopping arm.

He is scholarly—in the way of a classicist, not of a Pound—and often, for my taste, rather too oblique (i.e. hard to understand) as his learning bears on his poetry. Sometimes he is the reverse: plain and lyric in the way one imagines Wheelock imagines himself to be. In a lovely ditty he describes raking the leaves into piles, ducking his three-and-four-year-old children (who are unaware "Of natural mortality") in the "dry billows of the dead" and, finally, burning the leaves for the children because:

> Before their supper they require
> A dragon field of yellow fire
> To light and toast them in the gloom.
> So much for old earth's ashen doom.

I can't imagine that, for example, Kenneth Rexroth would disapprove of Fitzgerald—and yet I wonder if he realizes how much he can learn from him, how much artifice (without straining for sophistication) dignifies such lines as these on "History":

> It is Leviathan, mountain and world,
> Yet in its grandeur we perceive
> This flutter of the impalpable arriving
> Like moths and heartbeats, flakes of snow
> Falling on Wool, or clouds of thought
> Trailing rain in the mind: some old one's dream
> Of hauling canvas, or the joy of swording
> Hard rascals with a smack—

I wonder if he recognizes how primitive would be the day we all stripped off our shirts. And, on the other hand, I wonder whether Katherine Hoskins, knowing poetry is still possible in our times, would really prefer a night of artificial darkness.

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